2/-
Fortnightly

The Sketch

SKETCH SUBSCRIPTION RATES (including Christmas Number)

Twelve Months - Inland £3 : 0 : 0 - Overseas £3 : 1 : 3 - Canada £2 : 19 : 0
Six Months - - - Inland £1 : 12 : 0 - Overseas £1 : 12 : 6 - Canada £1 : 11 : 6

(Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.)

Orders for subscriptions should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Dept., Ingram House, 195-8 Strand, London, W.C.2

MC
BY APPOINTMENT PURVEYORS OF CHAMPAGNE TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
MOËT & CHANDON
CHAMPAGNE
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1743
DRY IMPERIAL *and* PREMIÈRE CUVÉE
Vintage *Non-Vintage*

BY APPOINTMENT
CEREBOS LIMITED, TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.
Cerebos
The salt of a century

PARIPAN
ENAMEL
"The more you wash it, the better it looks."
BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE.
PARIPAN LIMITED LONDON.

McVITIE & PRICE
Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits
EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

WETHERALL
bond st sportsclothes
TRADE MARK
"FOURway
BREATHLESSLY SMART
CLEVERCHANGE
BELTED/UNBELTED
topcoats"
HANDTAILORED SADDLESTITCHED "racin plaid"
DOUBLE SIDED "doeskin + cashmere"
THE HEAVENLY BLEND OF PURE CASHMERE PURE WOOL
WETHERALL HOUSE, BOND ST., W.1

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.
10 ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

JACK OLDING & CO.

(MOTORS) LTD

OFFICIAL RETAILERS

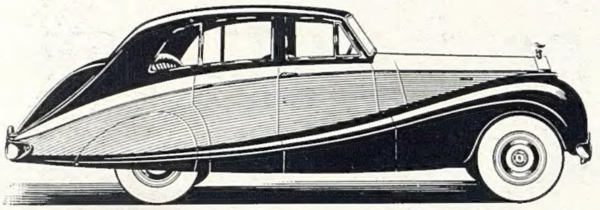
ROLLS-ROYCE & *BENTLEY* CARS

offer from their selection of

FREESTONE & WEBB
HIGH CLASS COACH WORK

now under construction

Four-door Six-light Saloon of Special Design with sunshine roof, on a Rolls-Royce "Silver Dawn" Chassis with Automatic Gearbox, Owner Driver steering, concealed step-boards and full luggage accommodation.



SPECIFICATIONS & DRAWINGS AVAILABLE FROM
AUDLEY HOUSE, NORTH AUDLEY STREET, MAYFAIR, W.1
Telephone: MAYFAIR 5242-3-4

KENSINGTON SHOWROOMS AND SERVICE WORKS
84-90, HOLLAND PARK AVENUE, KENSINGTON
TELEPHONE: PARK 5077

B. Seppelt & Sons, Ltd., 88 Cannon St., London, E.C.4. Telephone: Mansion House 2746

For Thrilling Winter Sports

ZERMATT

(Switzerland)
5,310 feet

Stay at

SEILER'S MONT CERVIN
SEILER'S VICTORIA
NATIONAL-BELLEVUE
SCHWEIZERHOF

All-in rates from sFr. 22.-

YOU WILL ENJOY BRITAIN'S FIRST

National

BOAT SHOW OLYMPIA

(EMPIRE HALL)

Organised by the S.B.B.N.F.

DECEMBER 30th 1954
JANUARY 8th 1955

10 a.m.—9 p.m. daily

SEE Britain's latest yachts and cruisers . . . engines and sails . . . paints and fittings . . . build-it-yourself demonstrations . . . films . . . aqualung diving displays . . . model collection . . . Marine Artists' exhibition . . .

INFORMATION ON ALL BOATING TOPICS

ADMISSION: Adults 2/6, Children 1/6

Opening day until 5 p.m.—5/-

Sponsored by the

DAILY EXPRESS

MALTA

For
Winter Sunshine

without foreign currency. Stay at

HOTEL
PHOENICIA

Full details and rates from

Malta Travel Bureau
(Phone: GERrard 6477)
24 Golden Square, London, W.1
(or any other Travel Agent)

Teatime for smart people means —

"BERMALINE"

THE DELICIOUS MALT · SUGAR BREAD

Ask your Baker for it!

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1954.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

Photograph by Houston Rogers.

THE FRIENDLY BALLERINA

ON January 1st, Beryl Grey makes a welcome return to Covent Garden, in *Swan Lake*. The birth of her son, Ingvar, in March has kept her from dancing this year, except for two performances, also of *Swan Lake*, in November, at Helsinki. Beryl Grey is the first British ballerina to have danced in Finland; in 1953 she also appeared as a Guest Artist in Stockholm and Brussels. That she should be so much in request is a tribute, not only to a great dancer, but to the warm personality that has caused her admirers in the U.S.A. to call her "The Friendly Ballerina."

"NEW YEAR'S EVE"

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Norman Clark.

Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

WHEN I was in Admiralty House the other day, Jim Thomas, the First Lord, showed me a delightful coloured print by Rowlandson, sent to him by one of the Sea Lords. It is entitled *Sailors on Horseback*, and depicts an eighteenth-century figure lashed to the saddle. From his mouth emerges a "balloon" bearing the words, "*Here I come, my Hearty's—Right and tight, smart sailing, but never mind that—I can't be cast away for my commander, Heavens bless him, has lash'd me to the deck with some tough Old Cables*"—like Tobias Smollett's delicious description of the wedding of Mr. Trunnion in *Peregrine Pickle*, when that gallant naval officer, you will remember, went to the ceremony on horseback, and his mate was unwillingly carried away, not to the church, but to a fox-hunt.

The sailors of to-day, however, seem to be better in the saddle than their forbears. Having the good fortune to be in the Abbey, I myself did not see the Coronation procession, but friends who did considered that the Admirals came out of this test of horsemanship far better than the Air Marshals. This is surprising, since the R.A.F. largely grew out of the adventurous young men in the cavalry during World War I., and, if I remember rightly, used until the 'thirties to wear riding-boots and spurs on ceremonial occasions.

I have referred before to the æsthetic embellishment of Admiralty House which has taken place since Jim, with his admirable taste, took over. A notable addition to that lovely room, the Library, overlooking Horse Guards Parade, which he uses as a drawing-room, is the portrait by Joshua Reynolds of William, eighth Duke of St. Albans, almost the only Lord High Admiral who was not a member of the Royal Family. This had been languishing in one of the Sea Lords' offices for many years, incongruously surrounded by models of aircraft-carriers and other warships.

The Admiralty church is St. Martin-in-the-Fields, which the First Lord attends any Sunday morning when he is in London, occupying the Admiralty box, which has capacity for twenty and which is opposite the Royal box. Since the eighteenth century, succeeding vicars of St. Martin's have been asking succeeding First Lords if they could have the Admiralty flag to match the Royal Standard. Jim, with his sense of history, has at last acceded to this 250-year-old request.

APROPOS the missing Winston telegram, I heard a pleasant little story of the late Sir Edward Marsh, who died only a year or two ago and who was Private Secretary to Sir Winston Churchill (then First Lord) before World War I. Sir Winston was asked at a Cabinet meeting to support his thesis with a particular paper or telegram. He went through the papers in his box and, to his confusion, could not find it. On his return to the Admiralty, he took Eddie Marsh severely to task for letting him down in this way. Eddie Marsh maintained that he had placed the paper in the box. Winston pointed out that it obviously was not there, and just *how* did he remember placing it in the box? "My dear Winston!" said Eddie Marsh (who was nothing if not precious) in that high, fluting voice, and with a graceful wave of the hand—"But I remember the *gesture*!"

AT a time when everybody seems to want to become a white-collar worker, I am pleased with this extract from a recent L.C.C. Committee report. "The duties do not involve sufficient skill to justify the position's continuing to be graded as *laboratory technician*, and it is suggested that a better classification would be that of *builder's labourer*. The *additional expenditure* . . . would be £29 a year." (The italics are mine!)

EVERY two years or so, I emerge from my political obscurity and am persuaded to go before a Selection Committee for a parliamentary candidature. It is a curious experience which makes me sympathise with the four-legged participants in agricultural shows. It is true that the members of the Committee do not actually poke you in the ribs with an umbrella or give you a hearty slap on the rump, but mentally they go through all those processes.

Recently, the chairman of a safe seat rang me up on a Sunday afternoon and asked me to attend one such committee. I was not a little surprised when he asked me whether I could, if selected, possibly "spare them most of Polling Day." Indeed, I thought I must be dreaming, but this question was among the four or five perfunctory ones which were put to me at the subsequent meeting, at which I was asked "in a speech of not more than five minutes" to support my candidature. It may well be that Selection Committees have gifts of intuition which will enable them in so short a space of time to judge of the suitability of a candidate to represent the constituency, to judge of the gravest and the most trivial matters at home and abroad, to deal with hostile hecklers at public meetings, and all the hundred-and-one things which are required of our modern legislators.

I cannot help, however, comparing this slightly perfunctory procedure with the intense and painstaking scrutiny carried out by the War Office Selection Board for officer cadets at Barton Stacey. I was recently privileged to sit in on one of these courses for forty-eight hours. There the would-be officer cadets (and, mark you, this is only the second hurdle; they have subsequently to pass through Eaton Hall or some other establishment of the sort) are divided up into groups of seven or eight. The invigilators consist of a colonel, a major and a captain—and incidentally, I can seldom remember having been in a pleasanter or more intelligent Mess. Every aspect of the boys' characters and capabilities, physical, practical and theoretical, is closely and intensively studied, and the invigilating officers go to immense pains to bring out the best in the National Servicemen before them. Even candidates who answer the question: "Why do you want to be an officer?" with such replies as: "Because of the higher rate of pay" or "Because I was a foreman in civilian life, and I expect the same social status in the Army," are treated with the same attention and courtesy as those who are obviously officer material.

The W.O.S.B.'s impartiality is like that of the B.B.C., which is attacked by the Right for being Left, and by the Left for being Right. There are two illusions about the W.O.S.B.: (1) that only Old Etonians are chosen; (2) that to be an Old Etonian disqualifies you at once. In point of fact, of our little group, the four-sevenths who passed represented an admirable cross-section of the young men of to-day, being drawn from the four major types of school in the country. During their National Service these young men, even if successful, can scarcely hope to rise above the rank of Platoon Commander, and yet, quite rightly, this immense trouble is taken over the 9000-odd who pass through the W.O.S.B., of whom roughly half go forward to officer cadet schools. Forty-eight hours for a platoon commander as opposed to ten minutes for a legislator does not somehow seem to make sense.

"SKETCH" CLERIHEWS

Somerset Maugham

Somerset Maugham
Always runs true to faugham,
And declines to venerate
A species he finds venal, vain and unregenerate.

"Fega."

THE Dark Blue Ball, as I predicted, turned out to be a delightful affair. Alan and Patsy Lennox-Boyd's house (or, rather, two houses knocked into one) in Chapel Street made an admirable setting, and the limiting of the numbers to 150 made dancing pleasantly comfortable. How, too, the organisers managed to provide unlimited champagne with tickets at £2 12s. 6d. a head I do not know. I suspect further generosity on the part of our Ministerial host.

Among the many Members of Parliament at the party was that extremely gallant young man, Airey Neave, whose latest book, *Little Cyclone*, on the escape route which he used himself, and which he later went back to reorganise, I have just been reading. I was interested in one passage describing how one of the French agents was taken to Gibraltar doubled up like "the inmate of a burial urn" in the boot of a diplomat's car. The particular diplomat, now occupying a post of great distinction, happens to be a very old friend of mine—as indeed, was the car in question in pre-war days on many happy European holiday journeys.

THE row over diplomats' entertainment expenses seems to have been a little overdone, and there must be many diplomats who will exclaim with Sir Anthony Eden: "If you dislike attending international cocktail parties, you cannot hate it more than I do. I suspect that is the experience of almost every one of our Ambassadors. No one would do such a thing for pleasure."

The thing, however, becomes a snowball. An Ambassador of another nation gives a party for one of the Ministers of the Government to which he is accredited, to which he asks all his diplomatic colleagues. They, in their turn, plus the Minister or Ministers, must each give a party to which they invite their late host, and so it goes on. In Athens, for example, there is a small society of about 300, half of which consists of the Corps Diplomatique. Particularly at this time of the year the amount of entertaining of the same people, by the same people, for the same people, is quite fantastic. I remember Charles Peake, our Ambassador, when I was there about a year ago, telling me that he had to go to twelve cocktail parties in one week—"and that is a fairly light week on the whole."

I RATHER like the story of the Russian Trade Union delegation which recently visited a factory in the North of England. One of its members questioned a worker about the output of his machine.

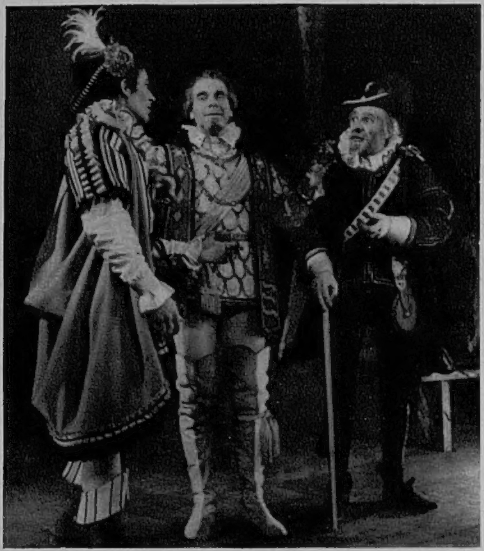
"About forty an hour," said the operator.

"That's very low," said the Russian. "In Magnetogorsk we get up to a hundred an hour."

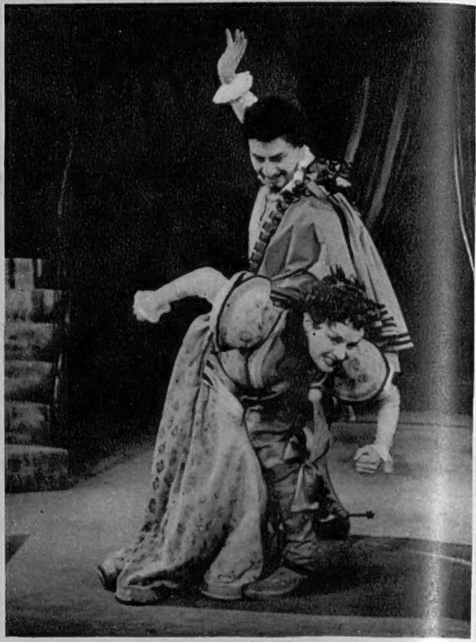
"Maybe," replied the Englishman, "but there's a lot of flipping Communists in this shop!"

"SKETCH" PHOTO-CALL

1. Sisters : "*I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.*" Katharine and Bianca (Gwen Cherrell).



2. Suitors : "*Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.*" Tranio (Alan Dobie), Baptista (Laurence Hardy) and Gremio (Michael Bates).



3. Courtship : "*And will you, nill you, I will marry you.*" Petruchio (Paul Rogers).

Ann Todd as Katharine, the Shrew. "*. . . for you are called plain Kate, and bonny Kate, And sometimes Kate the curst.*"

The Taming of the Shrew

THIS, not the least confusing of Shakespeare's plays, is the third to enter the Old Vic's repertory this season. What with the disguises—Lucentio and Hortensio scantily disguised as tutors, Tranio disguised as Lucentio, a Pedant disguised as Vincentio (Lucentio's father), and Vincentio himself mistaken, at one point, for a young lady—well, what with all that, and the inordinate number of suitors and servants, and having to remember the difference between Gremio and Grumio, nobody could be blamed for losing his way. *The Taming of the Shrew* is good custard-pie stuff, and Mr. Denis Carey, late of the Bristol Old Vic, has produced it with much incidental comic business ; he also produced *Salad Days*. Some of this seems a little forced, and there is one embarrassing performance in low-comedy Welsh, but most of the cast carry matters through with high hearts and light hands. Ann Todd, though she allows her breaking-point to happen off-stage, is agreeably tamed by a rambunctious Paul Rogers. Among the personable clutter of suitors and servants in tights, Alan Dobie stands out with a relaxed but positive performance ; he wears his borrowed feathers very bravely. Kenneth Rowell's *décor* suggests a department store tricked up for Christmas with some contemporary mobiles ; the effect is cheerful, clean and *chic*. Indeed, it is a cheerful piece of play and a particularly good choice for the Christmas holidays.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE : "TIME REMEMBERED"

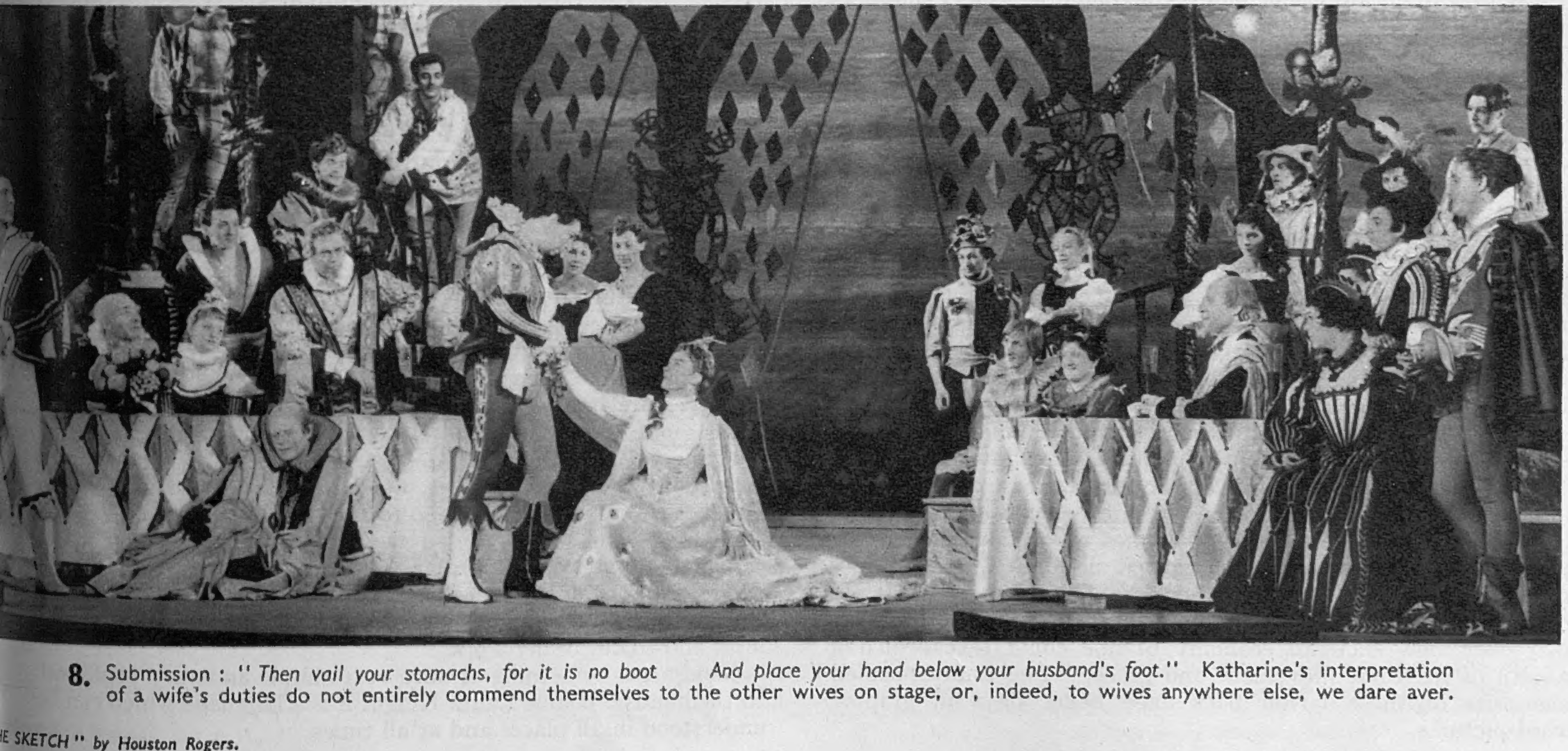
Specially photographed f

4. Marriage : "*But for my loving Kate, she must with me . . .*
I will be master of what is mine own."

5. Honeymoon : "*What dogs are these?*" Katharine is cold and tired and hungry. "*The meat was well,*" she says glumly, "*if you were so content.*"

. Imposture : "*I pray you stand good father to me now.*" Lucentio (Paul Daneman) is disguised as a tutor, Tranio is disguised as Lucentio, the Pedant (Aubrey Morris) is disguised as Lucentio's father. Biondello (Job Stewart : *left*) and Baptista (*right*) make up the group.

7. Obedience : "*Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet!*" So says Kate to Lucentio's real father (John Woodvine), for she is tamed now ("*What you have named it, even that it is*"). Hortensio (Robert Hardy) and Grumio (Meredith Edwards : *right*) are Amazed.



8. Submission : "*Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot And place your hand below your husband's foot.*" Katharine's interpretation of a wife's duties do not entirely commend themselves to the other wives on stage, or, indeed, to wives anywhere else, we dare aver.

E SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Strictly Biographical : 21.

By Louis T. Stanley

Dame Laura Knight

IT has been said that a work of art, in addition to looking well, must also speak well and act well. That is an elementary way of expressing in a phrase the triple nature of an activity which we frequently regard as having only a single nature. Æsthetes may say that it is only necessary for art to look well, but their neglect of the other facets means that they are only seeking a third of the truth about art.

Art is a language, a medium of communication of which there are many forms of expression. An artist like Henry Moore, who is preoccupied with shape as shape, thinks always of the solid three-dimensional entity of things and gives to his paintings a plasticity which has hitherto seemed impossible. Then there is the pseudo-Gothic strangeness of John Piper's work with his owl-hooted, bat-haunted landscapes. And there is Graham Sutherland, a figure of controversy and lover of a world of wiry lines and flat patterns. The strong imaginative impetus of painters such as these is a guarantee in itself against stagnation, but they are not everybody's taste. One man's meat is another man's poison.

It is sometimes safer and more comfortable to concentrate on the test formulated by Tolstoy, that to evoke in oneself a feeling one has once experienced and having evoked it in oneself then by means of movements, lines, colours, sounds, or forms expressed in words, so to transmit that feeling that others express the same feeling . . . that is the activity of art. Few artists have so put this belief into visible shape with such thoughtful earnestness as Dame Laura Knight.

This little woman, animated by an electric vitality, has achieved in her painting at its best what modern artists long to do . . . to express their own personalities with spontaneous freedom without losing the dignity and definiteness of a conscious work of art. I went to her studio in St. John's Wood and found her free from the commonest fault of artists . . . exaggeration and false emphasis. She personifies reticence and minute fidelity; but it is always the reticence of a singularly thoughtful nature. It was a rare experience; one I shall not forget. She talked of herself as a hard-working woman striving to penetrate the mystery of form and colour.

Much has happened since the day when Laura Johnson, as she then was, a promising student of the Nottingham School of Art, had her first picture, *Mother and Child*, accepted for exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1903. Since then she has ranged through various aspects and types of landscapes, depicting the life of the local people, in Yorkshire, in Holland, and in Cornwall, whilst she has familiarised herself and us with her scenes of circus life, in the arena and behind the curtain.

I mentioned that the pictorial opportunities offered by ballet seemed to stir her artistic vivacity more than any other scene. The chance remark acted like a stimulant. She went to a shelf and took down what looked like an untidy bundle of drawings. "Here," she said, "are some sketches of Pavlova which the public has never seen. I had forgotten all about them and only recently came across the pile when I was clearing out some old rubbish and junk." One by one I went through them. As I marvelled how such an economy of line could reveal such a wealth of rhythmic movement and grace, Dame Laura recalled memories of those far-off back-stage ballet days in graphic word-pictures.

Her admiration for Pavlova is profound. She maintained that her exceptionally long, full throat, small body, and tapering limbs were perfect for her art. Facially Pavlova was not beautiful, if features were to be the sole test, but her eyes, fascinating and heavily lidded, contributed to a general impression of haunting beauty that would not be denied. Dame Laura said that only a handful of people ever realised the exacting strain and physical effort imposed on Pavlova before she attained the peak of perfection. Few in the audience could visualise their ballerina clutching a curtain in the wings, struggling for breath, completely exhausted, with sweat streaming down her back. Dame Laura managed once to paint such a scene. Over a period of years she worked on it, but in the *Manuka* disaster off New Zealand, it was lost with the paintings of several other artists and unfortunately she had not even kept a photograph of it.

In the folio I came across a rare sketch of Enrico Cecchetti, the mæstro whose personality and genius became a legend in his own lifetime. Dame Laura is still conscious of her debt to Cecchetti. He had a marked effect on her work. His emphasis on the perfection of balance and line opened up for her the composition possibilities of the human body in movement. Sketching in his classes called for meticulous precision in detail. The position of the dancers had to be accurate, otherwise there was trouble when Cecchetti examined the sketches. He was tireless at work. Those in his classes were completely exhausted at the end of each session.

Dame Laura's sketch was faithful in every respect. He sat in his chair before the stage, whistling the tunes for the exercises, and beating time with a slender malacca cane. Another idiosyncrasy was his habit of wearing an English sports cap. It was all there in the drawing. His figure looked poised for action. Maybe he had just sprinkled the floor with a red watering-can in case the resin affected the dancer's throats. He was not above sprinkling someone's tights with a few drops, whilst the cane had a habit of cutting across the shins of any girl who failed to reach his standard of balance and line.

Such then is the inspiration that lies behind the familiar vital ballet studies that we associate with the name of Dame Laura Knight. The atmosphere of days long past has steeped itself in her mind. I am sure from the way she talked that whenever she sees the immense folds of rich crimson curtains parted by a vague, indistinct figure so that an artist can acknowledge the theatre's applause, she sees in imagination the outline of Pavlova taking her call in a manner that only she could have done.

The next time I see the lights lowered in Covent Garden, and the Overture begins, I shall think of that folio of sketches in a studio in St. John's Wood, where the memory of Pavlova's dancing lingers lighter and less substantial than a handful of swansdown. The reaction is understandable, for Dame Laura Knight's work is like language to the eye. She sets out to say something to us. And she succeeds in saying something which cannot be expressed in words. With her acute senses, she feels what I call the spirit of a scene, or the personality of a human being, and these immaterial qualities she incorporates in the form and colour of her work.

Good art is something at once very simple and very profound. In the hands of Dame Laura Knight it is a language which can be understood in all places and at all times.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.

Lieut.-Colonel J. E. G. Hay (*left*), Major L. A. Gordon, Miss Margaret Annesley, Colonel and Mrs. D. W. Hunter-Blair, Lieutenant D. G. B. Saunders and Mrs. J. E. G. Hay.

A MOST unusual attraction at the British Porcelain Ball, held in Edinburgh this month in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors, was the presentation to every guest of a key, six of which opened locked cabinets and entitled their owners to gifts of fine china. This very successful ball was revived for the first time since before the war; the original Porcelain Ball was held at Claridges in 1931.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Van Hallan.

Miss Anne Alexander (left) receives a prize from Mrs. W. G. C. Robson.

Mr. David Weir (*centre*) and Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Best.

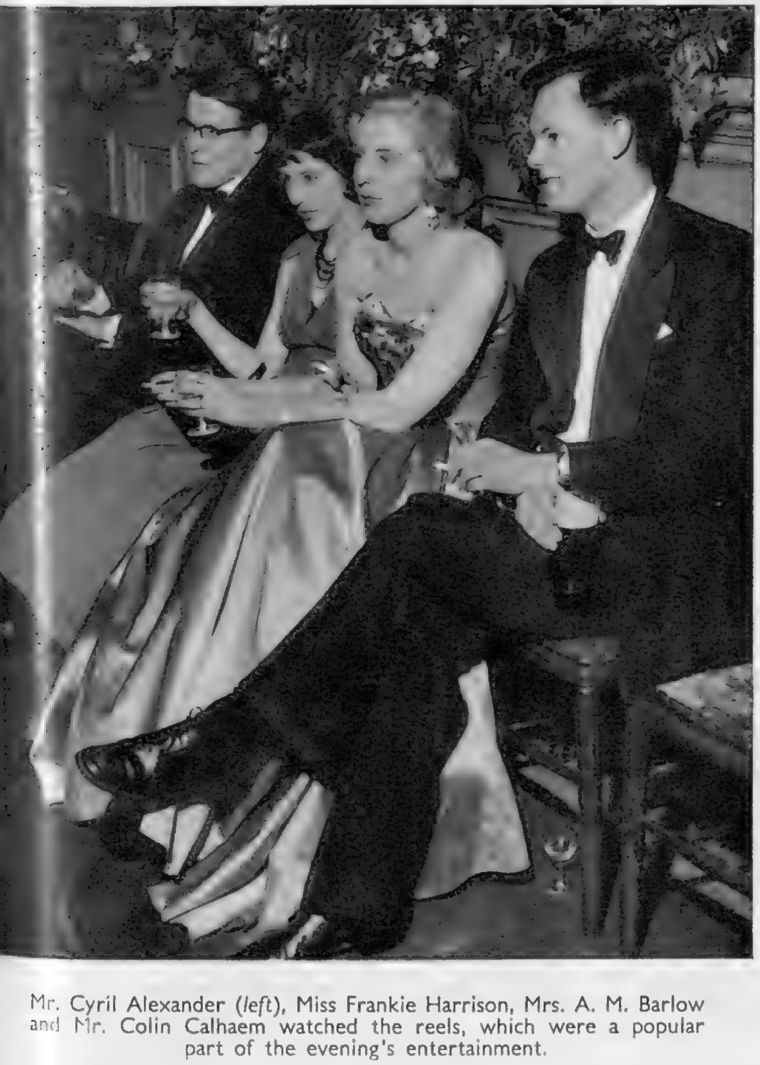
Vice-Admiral and Mrs. W. G. C. Robson received the guests with Admiral Sir Frederick Dalrymple-Hamilton (*right*).

Mrs. Michael Oliver (*left*) won a Spode Fine China Exeter-Shape Dessert Set. Mr. and Mrs. David Service won a Wedgwood Ruby Whitehall Coffee Set.

Mrs. Margaret Maclean (*right*), the organiser of the ball, with Sir Colin and Lady Barber. Sir Colin is G.O.C. Scottish Command.

Mrs. G. M. Clark unlocks the cabinet containing the Minton coffee set she has won.

Mr. Anthony Green (*left*), Major Dick Irvine, Miss Rosemary Ross-Stewart and Mrs. Green.



Mr. Cyril Alexander (*left*), Miss Frankie Harrison, Mrs. A. M. Barlow and Mr. Colin Calhaem watched the reels, which were a popular part of the evening's entertainment.

Miss Leila Shepherd (*behind, left*), Mr. Tom Brackett, Miss Gwyneth Stuart and Mr. Alastair Cameron. Mr. J. G. Scott (*front, left*), Miss Letty Scott, Miss Audrey Lee and Mr. John Stevenson.

OUR BOOKSHELF

That's What I Said

A Review of Some Books During 1954

By G. B. STERN

FOR the last book page of the year, reviewers are apt to fall into a *causerie* on their ideas of what has been the most attractive reading during the past twelve months; no English equivalent exists for *causerie*; "talk" is too brusque; people might bid me "stop talking," but they would hardly be likely to say "cease your *causerie*." Let this be, therefore, the idle thoughts of an idle fellow—a borrowed title.

Now, when we are not under orders from an editor with the disposition of Simon Legree, but are happily allowed to mooch and browse, pick and choose, it may well be that more often than not we bolt like a hare from the heaviness implicit in "a masterpiece," and then declare mendaciously that there have not been any this year. A pretty thing when my own dip in the fiction bran-tub brings up *An Alligator Named Daisy*, and *Jeeves and the Feudal Spirit*; or, in the thriller class, when retrospect plays around with *Alibi Innings, No Man's Street, Death in a Dark Pool*, and *Crime, Gentlemen, Please.* Most addicts of the crime novel prefer them sinister and crawling with horror (among these, and at a loose guess, the most impressive of the year was *A Kiss Before Dying*), but my fancy would have them gay as a Christmas-tree sparkling with candles. For, indeed, lightness is in itself no small achievement nowadays, so I also remember gratefully four novels with this *soufflé* quality: *The Blossoming Tree, The Poodle Room, Return Journey*, and *The Mortal Sin of Father Grossard.*

Yet the books of the past year which I chiefly recall with delight have been a miscellany of biography, autobiography and Letters; travel and adventure and tender-hearted zoology. Humility forbids a *causerie* to consist entirely of "as I said"; so let me therefore try to enumerate those of 1954 I have most enjoyed and why, without looking in my files. Here, then, is the first of a motley collection: *The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett to Miss Mitford*; undoubtedly a thriller in the psychological sense; who would have thought that Miss Barrett, with all her wisdom and humour and deeply-rooted common sense, could have displayed the symptoms of a very juvenile *Schwärmerei* for an older woman, the famous Miss Mitford, "dear, dearest Miss Mitford!"? And, moreover, that when she transferred her ardent affection to a poet called Robert Browning, she should have continued to write Miss Mitford letters in the same vein, even while admitting to him how she was bored to tears by this dear, dearest idol. Letters hitherto unpublished will always add value to biographies, because in letters there can be no intrusion of a biographer's own attitude. Not that Arthur, son of Groucho, in a recent study of his illustrious parent, is given a chance for obstreperous personal opinion, for his dad is on him in a moment with protesting footnotes: "Hi, easy with that probe!" and so forth. *Groucho* seems to have remained capriciously bracketed with Elizabeth Barrett in my survey of 1954.

THE FACE TO LAUNCH A THOUSAND SPACE-SHIPS? This is Agnes Bernelle, an actress and also the author of *Susie Saucer and Ronnie Rocket*, written for her two children and published by J. Werner Laurie at 6s. Miss Bernelle's choice of subject may owe something to the fact that her husband is Desmond Leslie, co-author of the controversial *Flying Saucers Have Landed.*

And thence we arrive at a cluster of equally provocative autobiographies: *Along my Line*, by Gilbert Harding; *Leda and the Goose*, by Tristram Hillier; *A River Full of Stars*, by Elizabeth Hamilton; and *Corner of the Moon*, by Sheila Steen.

Gerald Durrell's amazing adventures while collecting wild animals in the Cameroons might have been pushed aside with my usual intolerant, "Can't read far-flungery," had I not fallen headlong in love with his Fon of Bafut (never can I forget thee, Fon!) and with the Brow-leafed Toads and the galagos and almost every other delicious wayward creature encountered in these pages. My second Oscar, after *The Bafut Beagles*, goes to *Treasure Diving Holidays*, with its modest sub-title: "*The Adventures of a Family under the Sea*," an incredible pageant of strange and beautiful marine shapes and colours.

Perhaps, somewhat prematurely, I selected *The Little Ark*, last January, as the best novel of 1954; and it has not slipped far, if at all, from the high place I then assigned to it. This type of fiction, never winsomely seeking to entangle our affections, but showing the grown-up world through the eyes of a child, started late in 1953 with *The Go-Between*, and has continued with *The Little Ark, Guard Your Daughters, The Hidden Heart, A Wreath for the Enemy*, and the *Alderman's Son.* The last might possibly be removed from this collection and placed on the biography shelf, but as Mr. Gerald Bullett has disguised his youthful hero by a legitimate quaintness of spelling, and given us family life from the angle of a lad called Will Shaxper, we may respect his semi-masquerade and call it a story-book. *Guard Your Daughters*, a highly promising first novel, echoes a long-ago favourite, *The Constant Nymph*, both of them victories for charm over improbability.

"Miracles on Plendros" stands out from Edward Hyams' already outstanding volume of ironical short stories which might well have been called "*Multum in Parvo*" instead of *Stories and Cream.* And as the New Year is only three days' travel away, and the very air already haunted by rhythm and cycle, hail and farewell, I could wish I had room to quote, from Sheila Kaye-Smith's novel, *The View from the Parsonage*, a couple of pages deserving an honoured place in any Anthology on these recurring decimal themes. The Rector is describing the unconsciously fertile gesture of a neighbouring farmer as he scatters the ashes of the Squire:

> *For a moment he hesitated . . . then he filled his hand and, to my delight, made the motion of broadcasting. As a man sows wheat, so he sowed the mortality of Adam Cryall in the furrows of the field.*

Prose has its cadences no less than verse, and in both realms *Under Milk Wood* has been the year's sensation; but though Dylan Thomas is now lost to us, we have triumphant proof that poets are still alive in England. "Who said 'Crops are ripe'?" . . . and Walter de la Mare's *Selected Poems*, with their forlorn evocations of beauty, are indeed a crop ripe for garnering; while of our younger poets, John Betjeman, supremely *enfant de son siècle* (me for Modern Languages!), has projected the unique Betjeman idiom, the Betjeman gift for glorious nostalgia, into a new collection of verse, *A Few Late Chrysanthemums*, bubbling with his characteristic gaiety—until the avenging angel of pity who inhabits Betjeman suddenly transforms him into a savage crusader.

Yes, "that's what I said," looking back through the Sketch Bookshelves for 1954.

Photograph by Marcus Adams.

Her Majesty the Queen with Prince Charles and Princess Anne—a Christmas group.

Our Social Diary

ONCE again I wish all readers happiness and good fortune in the year to come. In London the weeks immediately before Christmas were some of the gayest I have known, and there seemed to be even more dances and parties than are usual at this time of the year. The French Ambassador, who is leaving London, and Madame Massigli held a series of farewell parties at the Embassy to take leave of the many friends they have made during their stay. This charming and popular couple will be greatly missed.

The British Mexican Society's Annual Dinner

H.E. THE MEXICAN AMBASSADOR, as president of the British Mexican Society, was the guest of honour at the dinner given by the Society in the Members' dining-room of the House of Commons. His Excellency and Madame de Icaza, who looked very *chic* in a dress of white satin with pearl embroidery, welcomed the guests with Sir John Taylor, the vice-chairman, and Lady Taylor. Lieut.-Commander Peter Smithers, M.P., the chairman of the Society, was unable to be present, as he was attending the Council of Europe at Strasbourg. But his wife, who looked very attractive in pale yellow, was there to welcome us in his stead.

At dinner, which was excellent and ended with a delicious sweet, *piña paco*, I met Marie, Lady Hood with her younger son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Robin Hood, and Mrs. Rodney Gallop, who had lived for many years in Mexico with her husband and filled me with longing to visit it one day. Afterwards, speeches were made by the Ambassador, by the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply, Sir Edward Boyle, who stressed the importance of trade relations between our two countries, by Sir John Taylor and Mr. Frank Ashton-Gwatkin.

Guests included the Argentine Ambassador, who told me how much he had enjoyed Sir William Walton's opera, *Troilus and Cressida*, at Covent Garden the previous week, the Colombian Ambassador, and Madame de Villareal, whose striking good looks were enhanced by a simply cut dress of black satin, Sir Thomas and Lady Rapp, Mr. and Mrs. Berington, and Señor de Negri, who is Minister Counsellor at the Mexican Embassy. I also saw Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, Mrs. Tankerville-Chamberlayne, Lady Cohen, and Lieut.-General and Mrs. Robert Stone.

Dance for the Lifeboat Service

THE appalling storms at sea in the last few weeks have shown more clearly than ever the invaluable services of the lifeboat men. At the dance held at the May Fair Hotel in aid of the Service, members in their fishermen's jerseys and red caps sold lucky programmes, raffle tickets, and so on, and by their presence helped to remind all of us of the truly wonderful work they do.

The dance was great fun and extremely well organised. The chairman of the dance committee, Mrs. Abel-Smith, had as her guests H.E. the Norwegian Ambassador and

BRITISH EMBASSY, PARIS. An informal picture taken in the grounds of the Embassy of Miss Vanessa Jebb and her younger sister Stella, the daughters of our Ambassador in Paris, Sir Gladwyn Jebb, and of Lady Jebb.

Madame Prebenson, and her grandson, Mr. Billy Abel-Smith, who was also celebrating his twenty-first birthday. Friends of his included Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Miss Ira Govett, Mr. Ian Cameron, Miss Catriona MacLeod and Miss Mary Williamson. After dinner we were entertained by Hutch, who undoubtedly is my, and, judging by his reception, many other people's, favourite cabaret artist. Later in the evening there was a parade of dresses by Maggy Rouff shown by very pretty mannequins.

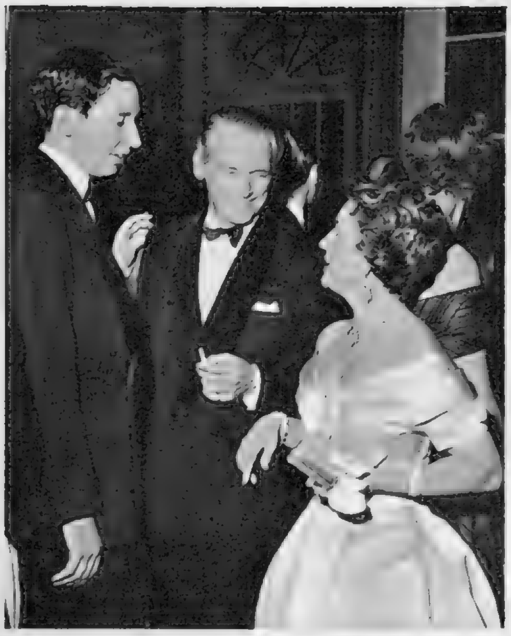
Countess Howe, with her husband, who is vice-chairman of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, had a party which included Captain Hansson, who is head of the Swedish Lifeboat Service; Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter was the guest of Mrs. Hubert Wilson. Mr. and Mrs. Derek Hague, who was looking very attractive in a short evening dress of pale-blue satin, and the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Samuel combined their parties and sat at one table. Their guests included Lord and Lady Melchett, the Hon. David Montagu and his charming wife, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hopwood, Mr. and Mrs. David Gibbs, and Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Ward.

Miss Anne Abel-Smith and her sister Elizabeth, the daughters of Colonel Sir Henry and Lady May Abel-Smith, both had parties, and among their guests were Miss Linda McNair Scott, Mr. Charles Gore, Miss Jane Mander, Mr. Simon Maxwell, Miss Carina Boyle, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Boyle, were in another party with Lady Georgina Curzon, and the Hon. John Denison-Pender.

Other people at the dance were Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie. With Miss Nira Pears, they brought a party which included Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Tooth, Viscount Anson, and Miss Sarah Worthington-Evans, who was looking very pretty in a peacock-blue dress. I also saw Sir Anthony and Lady Doughty-Tichborne with Mr. and Mrs. Toby Waddington, Viscount and Viscountess Curzon, Mr. Sandy Hope and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Reid, and Lady Lorna Howard.

Reception at St. James's Palace

IN celebration of its bicentenary the Royal Society of Arts held an evening reception in St. James's Palace, which was attended by the Duke of Edinburgh, president of the Society. Because of the very large number of guests—1000—the chairman, Mr. E. Munro Runtz, and his wife received some in the Armoury Room, whilst the past chairman, the Earl of Radnor, with the Countess of Radnor received others in the Picture Gallery. Everyone then assembled in the first, second and third State Rooms, which provided a wonderful setting for such an occasion. The orchestra of the Royal Artillery played throughout the evening, and champagne and other refreshments were served. The Duke of Edinburgh mingled with the guests, several of whom were presented. Among them were Lord Brabazon of Tara, Sir Russell Brain, Mr. Misha Black, and Miss Anna Zinkeisen and her husband, Colonel Guy Heseltine. During the evening I met Lady Ashton, who told me she was going on a visit to Rome to stay with friends, and another fortunate person,



DANCE FOR THE INVALID CHILDREN'S AID ASSOCIATION. The annual dance was held at the Savoy Hotel; an account appears in the Social Diary. *Left :* Lord and Lady Melchett. *Centre :* Mr. Billy Wallace with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. *Right :* The Duke of Rutland and Miss Claire Baring.

ROYAL GUEST AT THE SNOW BALL. H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester meets Major Geoffrey Eastwood, a guest at the Snow Ball, which was held at the Dorchester. An account of the ball appears overleaf.

THE CRESTA BALL was held at the Park Lane Hotel and was attended by many winter sports enthusiasts. Lord Brabazon of Tara is looking at coloured photographs of the Cresta Run through a stereoscopic viewer. With him is Mr. Sergei Ovsievsky.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART BALL. Lady Hesketh and Mrs. Ian Fleming were the organisers of the ball, which was held at the College. Guests were asked to come dressed in the period of the Impressionists. Lady Anne Coke is seen with the Hon. Colin Tennant.

(continued overleaf)

WEDDING. The former Miss Anne Hakewill Smith, daughter of Major-General and Mrs. Hakewill Smith, with her bridegroom, Mr. Clavil Campbell Ross. They were married in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and afterwards the reception was held in the Guildhall, Windsor.

WEDDING IN SPAIN. Senorita Reyes Merry del Val, the daughter of Señor and Señora Merry del Val, with her bridegroom, the son of Count and Countess Ruiseñada. The bride is the granddaughter of the Marquis Merry del Val, former Spanish Ambassador in London.

Our Social Diary

(continued)

Lord Faringdon, who is going to escape the rigours of English winter weather for a time by a visit to Malta. Other people I saw among the guests were the Earl and Countess of Scarbrough, Sir Alfred Bossom, M.P., Lord and Lady Nathan, the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster, Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark, Sir Hugh Casson, and Sir Alexander Fleming.

The Snow Ball

ONE of the most successful charity dances, and certainly one that I enjoyed very much, was the Snow Ball which was held at the Dorchester in aid of the United Appeal for the Blind. The Duchess of Gloucester was the guest of honour and sat with the Countess of Listowel, who, as chairman of the ball committee, had received the guests on their arrival. Lady Illingworth, Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Browning, Mrs. Attlee, Colonel John and Lady Barbara Bevan were also in the party.

After dinner, a show of dresses by Michael Bronze was followed later by a cabaret by Miss Hélène Cordet. At midnight the Duchess of Gloucester, who wore a dress of orchid pink satin, the bodice of which was trimmed with mink, and a lovely tiara of turquoise and diamonds with matching necklace and ear-rings, drew the tickets for the holders of lucky programmes.

During the evening I met Mrs. Tom Page, who organised the very successful tombola, and with her husband brought a large party to the ball. Their guests included the Hon. Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd George, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, Countess Sophie Arco, Lord and Lady Mancroft, and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Wallis. I also met Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Duthy, with their attractive daughter Fiona and Mr. Fritz Reinhardt-Zuber, Lady Huggins, who told me that her younger daughter is coming out next year, and Mr. Gavin Welby.

Many younger members of the committee and their friends were at the ball, and among the former were Miss Marigold Evans Bevan, Miss Edina de Marffy-Mantuano, Miss Vanla Arbuthnot, and Miss Diana Morley Kennerley, who was looking very pretty in white tulle. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Koch de Gooreynd, who were married last year, Mr. Frank Francis, and Mr. and Mrs. John Prentice. Other people I saw included Sir Robert and Lady Renwick, with his eldest daughter Susan, and Mr. Peter Combe, the Marquess and Marchioness of Normanby and Mr. William Ropner, who both brought large parties. Also, General Sir Bernard and Lady Paget, Mr. Ronald and the Hon. Mrs. Senior with his brother and sister-in-law Mr. and Mrs. James Senior, Wing-Commander and Mrs. Patrick Brunner and their daughter April, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Boyle, whose daughter, Carina, was a member of the junior committee, and Princess Rospigliosi.

ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE. Mr. Dominick Jones, the son of Sir Roderick and Lady Jones, with his bride, the former Miss Joanna Grant, elder daughter of the late Major Sir Arthur Lindsay Grant, of Monymusk, and of Lady Tweedsmuir. A reception was held by Lady Tweedsmuir at 29, Hyde Park Gate, lent by the bridegroom's parents.

Dance for the Invalid Children's Aid Association

AFTER leaving the Snow Ball I went on to the dance for the Invalid Children's Aid Association, held this year in the River Room at the Savoy. Instigated since the war by Mr. Billy Wallace, who has done wonderful work for this particular charity, these annual dances are always the greatest fun. Although I arrived rather late, the dance was still in full swing, and the River Room looked very gay and festive, with scarlet candles in silver candelabra on the tables and sprigs of mistletoe hanging from the ceiling lights.

As on the same occasion last year, there was a galaxy of beautiful women, and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to name them all. But among them I thought that the Duchess of Rutland, Mrs. John Wyndham, in a black velvet dress and wearing a beautiful diamond spray, Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall in pale-blue satin, Viscountess Ednam, and the Countess of Westmorland were outstanding. Their Excellencies the Spanish Ambassador and the Swedish Ambassador were among the guests. I also saw Mr. Ivan and Lady Edith Foxwell, Mr. Nigel Campbell dancing with his attractive wife, the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel, who was looking very pretty in a blue short evening dress and wearing a lovely emerald necklace, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Miss Fiona Campbell-Walter, who wore a pale green dress with a swathed bodice, and Mr. Charles Sweeny, who gave a very enjoyable cocktail party the following evening, to which I went.

Other people at the dance were the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Carnarvon and his son Lord Porchester, Lord Plunket, Mr. John Ames, who is Personal Assistant to Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, and his wife, who

looked very attractive in a pale-pink dress, and Mr. Harry Middleton. The dance continued until the very early hours, and I enjoyed the wonderful "breakfast" which was served, and which fortified me for the very slow progress home in a dense fog!

Tribute to Mr. A. Tschiffely at the Argentine Embassy

THE drawing-room of the Argentine Embassy was already filled with guests when I arrived to hear the lecture given by Dr. Roy Campbell on the Life and Work of Mr. Aimé Tschiffely. The lecture had been arranged by the Ambassador, Dr. Domingo Derisi, who, before it began, paid tribute to Mr. Tschiffely, whose journey from Buenos Aires to Washington, in 1925 with his two horses, remains one of the most remarkable feats ever accomplished by horse and man. Mr. Tschiffely, who died in London at the beginning of this year, is buried in Argentina, the land of his heart, and near to *Mancha* and *Gato*, the two horses of that epic journey.

I enjoyed the lecture enormously. Dr. Campbell spoke with great charm and delightful touches of humour. He also conveyed a clear mental picture of the character and personality of the man, whose great personal friend he was, to those of us who had not known him. Mrs. Aimé Tschiffely was there to hear the lecture, and also H.E. the Chilean Ambassador, H.E. the Colombian Ambassador, and the Ministers of Honduras and El Salvador. Other guests included Lord and Lady Sempill, Count and Countess Genevtos, Mrs. Lambert, Sir Arthur and Lady Evans, Lady Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. George Ritchie, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Russell.

VISCOUNTESS SAVERNAKE AND HER SON. A delightful portrait, by Yevonde, of Edwina, wife of Viscount Savernake, with her son the Hon. David Brudenell-Bruce. She also has a daughter, Sylvia Davina, who was born this year. Before her marriage Lady Savernake was Miss Edwina Wills, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Edward de Winton Wills, and the late Mrs. Wills. Lord Savernake is the eldest son of the Earl of Cardigan and grandson of the Marquess of Ailesbury.

Royal Corinthian Yacht Club Ball

H.E. THE PORTUGUESE AMBASSADOR was the guest of honour at the annual dinner and ball of the Royal Yacht Club at the Savoy Hotel. His Excellency, an enthusiastic yachtsman, is Commodore of the oldest yacht club in Lisbon, and this year sailed his boat from the coast of Portugal to these waters. The Club Commodore, Mr. Peto Bennett, and his wife welcomed the members of the club and their friends. Mrs. Bennett is Norwegian by birth, and Madame Prebensen, the wife of the Norwegian Ambassador, was a guest in their party.

After dinner had ended, speeches were made by Mr. Bennett, the two Rear-Commodores, Mr. A. Burrough and Mr. A. Boardman, and the Portuguese Ambassador, who amused us all with his account of a misapprehension concerning his supposed affection for cats—to which, in fact, he is allergic! This was caused by a chance remark to the Press by one of his daughters on the occasion of his being appointed Ambassador to this country.

During the evening Mr. Bennett presented a cup to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Worth for the best cruise of the year—a two-years cruise round the world. Mr. Mitchell, who was Commodore of the Club for twenty-two years, and has, since his retirement, been made Honorary Commodore, was at the ball with his wife, and their guests included Mr. Uffa Fox, Colonel and Lady Katherine Phillips, Lieut.-Commander Bulkeley, R.N., and Miss Barbara Coke. Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, M.P., was in a party with Mrs. Peter Dyas and her husband, who is Vice-Commodore with Mr. F. Swann, and many other Club members and their friends were there to enjoy the evening.

Thirty-fifth Actresses' Gay Party

I LOOKED in at the Dorchester during the afternoon of the Actresses' Gay Party, which was being held for the thirty-fifth year in succession. This is a party for grown-ups and children—dancing, a cabaret, sideshows, and a conjurer who, when I left, was holding the younger guests quite spellbound. Lady Churchill was the guest of honour, and received a great ovation on her arrival. She was welcomed by her daughters, Mrs. Duncan Sandys and Miss Sarah Churchill, president of the committee, with her husband, Mr. Antony Beauchamp. Also there to meet her were Miss Cicely Courtneidge, Miss Zena Dare and Miss Marjorie Steele (Mrs. Huntington Hartford).

At tea I met Miss Adeline Bourne, who at the age of eighty-one, has the good looks and energy that many a younger person might well envy, and who delighted me with her philosophy of life—to look forward always, and never live in the past. Unfortunately, I could not wait to see the cabaret in which Miss Cicely Courtneidge and Miss Sarah Churchill were to take part.

The Queen's Westminsters

REGIMENTAL reunions can sometimes be a little overpowering to the "outsider," but I very much enjoyed the cocktail party given by Lieut.-Colonel Leigh Knight and the officers of the Queen's Westminsters—a territorial battalion of the "60th," which has Sir Anthony Eden as Honorary Colonel. Many of the guests had served with the regiment during the war, and among these were Lord Grenfell, the Hon. David Wodehouse, Major Peter Daniell, Major Oliver Stobart and Major Johnnie Max Muller. I was interested to hear from Colonel Knight the amount of time that is given by members of a territorial unit to-day, quite apart from the fortnight in camp each year. Other guests at this very enjoyable party were General Sir John and Lady Shea, Lieut.-General Sir Euan and Lady Miller, Lieut.-Colonel Croome-Johnson and his wife; Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Schuster, Major John Butterwick, and Mr. and Mrs. George Pelly.

Helena

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

The Young People's Ball

A Young People's Ball is being held at Victory House, Leicester Square, on Wednesday, January 12th, in aid of The League of Pity, which is a junior branch of the N.S.P.C.C. The ball starts at 8 p.m. and ends at 12.30 a.m. Attractions include dancing to Tommy Kinsman's Band and a cabaret with Peter Sellars and Julian Slade. Tickets may be obtained from the chairman, Mrs. George Courtauld, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

The Hilary Dance

The first of the Subscription Dances to be held at the May Fair Hotel next year takes place on Thursday, January 13th. Elizabeth Countess of Bandon will again be hostess, and tickets may be obtained from the secretary, The May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Street, W.1.

AN AGATHA CHRISTIE

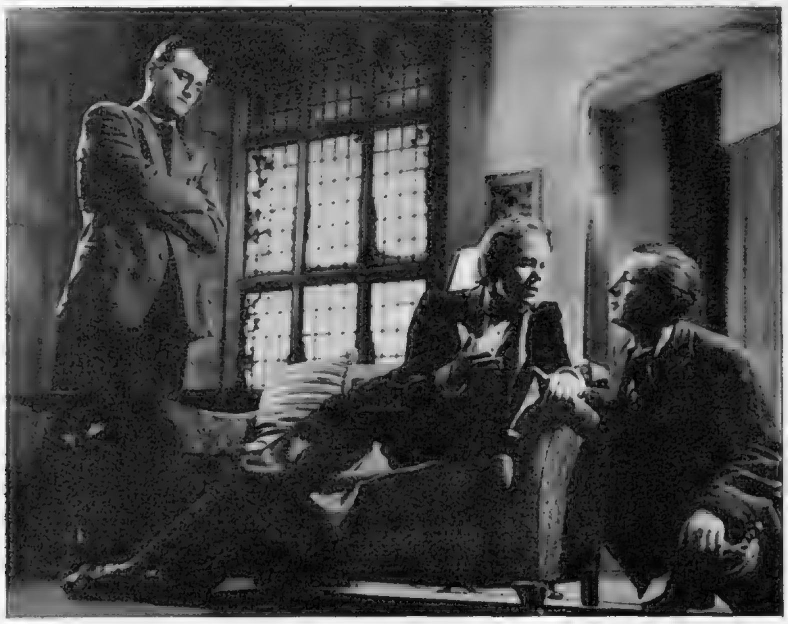
Happy New Year (the Third) for "The Mousetrap"

Here are Giles Ralston (John Paul) and his wife (Marguerite Stone), the owners of a guest-house in Berkshire which is snowbound, isolated, and a good site for a Christie problem.

Here are three of the odd guests at Monkswell Manor, played by (*left to right*) Mignon O'Doherty, Allan McClelland, and Aubrey Dexter, with the proprietors waiting hopefully to receive them. The atmosphere grows

WE are here, as a chairman would say, to celebrate a theatrical occasion. Mrs. Agatha Christie, queen of the puzzle-play, has now claimed three West End theatres. *The Mousetrap*, London's longest run, has been at the Ambassadors since November 25th, 1952; yesterday (December 28th) it became—on its 871st performance—the longest run the Ambassadors has known; and on January 4th (879th performance) it will become the most successful "whodunnit" in English theatre history. *Witness for the Prosecution*, Mrs. Christie's 1953 play, has been at the Winter Garden since October 28th last year; and now *Spider's Web* (Savoy, December 14th) completes the trio—all presented by Peter Saunders—and appears likely to go on as the others have done. The shade of Edgar Wallace will applaud.

The Mousetrap, which is nothing like the one about the murder of Gonzago, is set in a Berkshire manor in the depths of winter. The manor is a guest-house, amateurishly managed. Unpleasant things are about to happen, and a detective-sergeant from the local police force—played now by Patric Doonan, who succeeded Richard Attenborough—skims across on skis to have a word with the isolated guests, an odd lot. It is all tautly-contrived; but let me say nothing that can prove in any way useful as a clue. Mrs. Christie holds us in thrall.

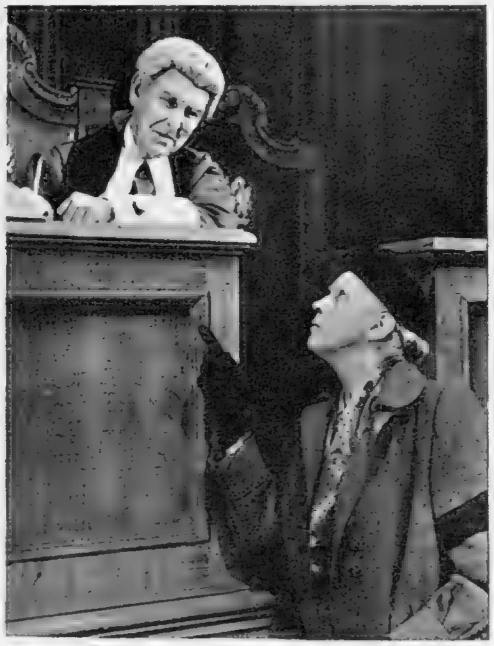


The detective-sergeant (Patric Doonan; *left*) has been having a few urgent words with Miss Casewell (Jessica Spencer). "*O God! What shall I do!*" she moans; and another guest, Wren (Allan McClelland; *right*) accuses Trotter of third-degree methods.

And now the Plot Thickens indeed. A murder has been reconstructed. Det.-Sergeant Trotter summons the hostess and tells her he has got what he needs. "*What do you want with me, Sergeant?*" she asks. Well, that's hard to say. . .

MONTH IN THE THEATRE

" *Witness for the Prosecution* " : Second Year of Trial



On the left we are in chambers in the Temple. Walter Horsbrugh (a managing clerk) is looking in despair at the frivolous typist (Rosalie Westwater). *Above*, there is an intense passage during the trial at the Old Bailey : the entrance of an important witness (Nicolette Bernard), with Derek Blomfield in the dock and David Homewood as a police officer. *On the right*, the Judge (Percy Marmont) finds a Scots witness (Jean Stuart) a trifle garrulous.

THIS is Mrs. Christie's best play : *Witness for the Prosecution*, which began at the Winter Garden on October 28th last year. We move between legal chambers and a full-scale trial at the Old Bailey. A young man, Leonard Vole (Derek Blomfield), is in the dock, and the charge is murder. More than that one cannot say without getting involved. A single hint could be high explosive.

It is probable that the last few minutes of *Witness for the Prosecution* will pass into record with the *dénouement* of Edgar Wallace's *The Ringer*. Certainly the first night was one of the most enthusiastic in recent stage history. It will be many months yet before the Judge (Percy Marmont) ceases to preside over a trial in which Wilfrid Mervyn and Hubert Gregg wrangle with so much enthusiasm as contending counsel.

" *Spider's Web* " Gets Weaving at the Savoy

How the play opens. Margaret Lockwood and Myles Eason (a friend) watch Harold Scott (in armchair) and Felix Aylmer as, very gravely, they do a little wine-tasting : a choice of ports.

Margaret Lockwood, as the diplomatist's wife who has just found a body on her drawing-room floor, plans what she is going to say to the police.

Judith Furse (who has been gardening), Charles Morgan (as an unexpected caller), and Margaret Lockwood (with Margaret Barton, as a schoolgirl, in her arms) set the scene for murder.

SPIDER'S WEB (Savoy, December 14) has more humour in it than most puzzle-plays. Laughter can distract us, take us from the job in hand, but Mrs. Christie works it in neatly, and she has such players as Margaret Lockwood, Harold Scott, and Judith Furse to see that the lines get over. The piece may lack the sustained excitement of *Witness for the Prosecution*, but it is carefully woven and you will be smart indeed if you can make your kill before the end of the third act. Let us make it clear that Margaret Lockwood, so good as the inventive wife, did not begin her career solely as a film actress. After small parts under Italia Conti, she studied at R.A.D.A. and was in one or two West End plays—*Family Affairs*, for example—before the cinema monopolised her. In 1949 and 1950 she was Peter Pan at the Scala.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Getting Down to It

IT is the twelve days before Christmas, we gather, that keep a drama critic moving. During the rest of the year (his enemies say) the indolent fellow lies about on hammock or divan, fanned by Nubian slaves and rising now and then, lethargically, to attend a revival of *The Merchant*. Meanwhile his colleagues toil like beaver or bee. Films whirl; operas hurtle; television screens are white-hot; and so many books bound off the assembly-line that a reviewer is at the receiving end of an avalanche.

But the drama critic! That fellow! . . . Stop: nothing is farther from the truth. The Christmas rush is only the climax of a year during which the drama critic has risen, morning by morning, at six to con Ibsen in the original. Later he is used to breakfasting with a couple of Quartos by his plate. Then, through the long hours, he must struggle to convey the exact quality of Bud Flanagan's smile. "*O, I could tell you. . . .*" If it were not for an editorial hint to avoid autobiography, and to get on with the twelve days before Christmas, you would be taken still deeper into the mysteries.

However—"*This is where the story really starts,*" as the Goons say—you must imagine me, on the night of December 14th, leaning forward in creased cerebration, seeking the killer of the man behind the sofa. Above me, in the Savoy Theatre, Mrs. Agatha Christie, who had set the problem of *Spider's Web*, looked on serenely from a box. She has now three of her plays running in the West End: a proof that the public is never tired of puzzles when they are worth while. *Spider's Web* is certainly that—less original, maybe, than *Witness for the Prosecution*, but better than *The Mousetrap*: its people come more briskly to life.

It is not my task to tell you what happens at the Savoy: you would not applaud me. But I can say that a panel opens in the drawing-room wall of Copplestone Court. This is no secret. The play's schoolgirl, acted expertly by Margaret Barton, observes: "*Why, we've even got a priest's hole.*" Call it, rather, the kind of alcove that—as Miss Barton also says—would be very convenient for holding a dead body. How right she is! The rest, friends, is with you. You will notice that Margaret Lockwood (who, it is sometimes forgotten, began her career in the West End theatre) is acting with relish and apparent spontaneity as a diplomatist's wife fond of taradiddles that get wildly inventive. Such safe players as Felix Aylmer, Harold Scott and Judith Furse are always about; and it is kind of the police force to allow Campbell Singer—by this time a near-professional sleuth—to be seconded to the theatre. A colleague, I believe, guessed the right answer during the second interval. Clearly he had held Mrs Christie at the pistol-point just before the evening began.

The next night was discouraging, and I am not anxious to enlarge on it. The Intimate Opera Company, in *Top Note* (Arts), seemed to be groping its way through a musical entertainment that may not raise much holiday mirth. True, Stephen Manton and Elizabeth Boyd are able singers; but we do expect something more from Christmas at the Arts.

Undoubtedly we relaxed on the next night, with the Crazy Gang (Victoria Palace). Before this I had a pleasant matinée experience—the New Watergate's "pantomime for parents" called *Arabian Nightmare*. In this, Julian More (music by Geoffrey Beaumont) shows to the pantomime lyric-men just what they can do if they put their hearts into it. Few of them do put their hearts into it nowadays: much of the raggle-taggle rhyming we get would shock the Victorian masters. Julian More can be sharp and he can be unexpected; he keeps it up for two hours, in moderately strict metre; and the cast does allow us to hear the words. There is dead wood, yes; but I am not going to disparage so artful a piece, produced neatly by Allan Davis. Nuna Davey, as Slinka Belle, is the most frightening fairy queen I have met; and Gerald Cross (as a poetess) reminds me of someone. There is also a prophet called Woe.

Nobody cried Woe at the Victoria Palace, where the revue—destined, no doubt, for the customary two years—is called *Jokers Wild*. I cannot exclaim with candour that I love the Crazy Gang as my nearest and dearest: one does tire of what is known (with reverence) as earthy humour. But it was the first time I had seen the Gang since 1952, and it came as almost a new joke when either Naughton or Gold (both dressed as charwomen) flourished a mop in the face of either Nervo or Knox. They are good-natured clowns in a helter-skelter through the usual mazes (Bud Flanagan calls his turn, disarmingly, "*Same Old Stuff*"); the Flanagan smile reminds me of a full moon rising above Aldgate; and there is at least one wordless number, in which the five are disguised as bell-ringing monks, that develops a certain charm. I assure you, charm. It is, of course, an entertainment for addicts, for the experienced: do not take to it anyone concerned with the Theatre of Ideas. Perhaps the best number is an evolution by the Tiller Girls—I may remember it even longer than Bud Flanagan's smile.

On the following night—and after this I leave for a moment the tale of the twelve days before Christmas—I came from the Criterion Theatre feeling very properly that my sides were splitting, that my ribs were cracking, and that the general structure was in need of overhaul. (Critics are expected to suffer for their art.) The cause was *Intimacy at Eight-Thirty*, in a revised edition—and still one of the gayest experiences in London. Joan Sims continues to be the siren of Woking in the Climie-Pritchett number; and, of the additions, I like the revelation of studio life at a broadcast of *The Starchers*. Joan Heal is the chief rib-damager in this; but the entire company helped to send me out, at the last, battered and cheerful, into that witty roundabout of Piccadilly Circus.

A Happy New Year to you all. See you then.

applauds . . .

MARGARET BARTON, the theatre's infant Phenomenon, for another exact performance of a schoolgirl. Miss Barton is in Spider's Web, *at the Savoy. You would never think that, according to her own* Who's Who in the Theatre *entry, she acted first at Christmas 1938. She was then aged twelve and a Mouse in* Alice in Wonderland, *at the Stratford-upon-Avon Memorial Theatre.*

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE

"Airs on a Shoestring" (Royal Court).—
It's a revue, but no matter. (Second year.)

"The Boy Friend" (Wyndham's).—
Back to the roaring 'twenties—a musical comedy.

"Hedda Gabler" (Westminster).—
Yes, a play, and the performance of the year; Peggy Ashcroft's.

PLAYS YOU MIGHT WELL SEE

"Simon and Laura" (Strand).—
What goes on behind the T.V. screen.

"The Party Spirit" (Piccadilly).—
Robertson Hare in a parcel, Ralph Lynn standing by.

"Bell, Book and Candle" (Phœnix).—
Witches in Knightsbridge.

SOME STARS AND LUMINARIES

EARTHA KITT, whose sensuous voice readers may know from her gramophone records, is a singer with the intensity and attack of a tigress, and a skin like molasses lighted from within. She is one of the stars of *New Faces*, an excellent and sophisticated Broadway revue which has been filmed. For some freakish commercial reason, the film has had no West End showing. It has, however, been booked by the Granada circuit ; we ourselves went to Walthamstow to see it. It was well worth the tedious journey.

LISTEN TO THE WIND : Mavis Sage (*left*), Margaret McCourt, and Vernon Morris are younger than anyone else on this page. They are members of the cast of *Listen To The Wind*, the Christmas production, running until January 22nd, of the Playhouse at Oxford, which, readers may remember, is putting up a gallant fight against the economic frost. *Listen To The Wind*, a musical play by Angela Ainley Jeans with music and lyrics by Vivian Ellis (of *Bless The Bride*), has been specially written for this production.

APRIL OLRICH dances in Laurier Lister's new revue, *Pay The Piper*, which opened at the Saville Theatre on December 21st. She was born in Zanzibar, was in Spain during the Civil War, and has survived two revolutions in South America while touring with the Ballet Russe ; Miss Olrich has lived a full and cosmopolitan life. This is her first appearance in revue ; her previous work in this country has been with the Sadler's Wells Ballet, which she left in 1953.

GRACE KELLY is a film star who wears spectacles off the set ; this seems now to be generally known, but is hard to believe. She has appeared in so many films that we hardly know where to start. Readers may most readily remember her in *Dial M for Murder* and *Rear Window*. On January 6th we shall be able to see her again with William Holden and Fredric March in *The Bridges of Toko-Ri*, which is to be shown at the Odeon Cinema, Leicester Square.

LA FEMME À LA ROBE BLANCHE : by James Tissot.

LA CYCLISTE : by A. Bonvalet.

Plaisirs de

AS the old year fades, the Redfern Gall ry's ex nostalgic charm the season demand.. Pict from the walls in an exhibition that, trailing fro

LA PROMENADE : by G. Betti.

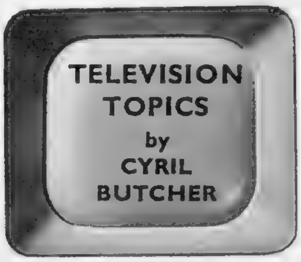
FEMMES AUX PARASOLS SUR LA FALAISE : By W. H. Grimshaw.

Époque, 1900

Plaisirs de l'Epoque, 1900, holds the note of gentle,
any *genres*, from lithograph to oil, speak wistfully
d into the New Year, will run until January 8th.

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS : by J. F. Raffaelli.

LA GOULUE ET SA SŒUR, AU MOULIN ROUGE : by Henri Toulouse-Lautrec.



It Was Never Intended to be Pretty

"Not suitable for children"

BUT was George Orwell's stark play, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, really so unsuitable? This alarming look into the possible future—this picture of the British way of life transformed into a police-state existence—certainly was not pretty. It was ugly and frightening—as it was meant to be—a warning that a politically indolent nation is in danger of being deprived of all autonomy of thought and action by *The Party*. It has happened before to other nations. Is it so very impossible that it may happen to us in thirty years' time?

And ought children not be warned of such a danger? After all, it is the youngsters of 1954 who would be the "They" of 1984. A little fright now might provide a lesson they would never forget—a lesson to guide their thoughts and activities when it is their turn to take charge of things. Further, I don't think it does a child any harm to have an occasional fright. At the tender age before the mechanics of self-control are properly in action, fear of consequences is an eminently workable substitute for reason. In the days when parents were still allowed to bring up the young in their own way, there used to be an excellent institution known as the Bogey Man, who was credited with an insatiable appetite for the naughty ones, thus personifying a salutary encouragement to good behaviour. His direct descendant is the all-seeing Big Brother of Mr. Orwell, the omnipresent but never-seen embodiment of The Party, who is—alas—rather more real, nowadays, and infinitely more poisonous. I think children should be taught to beware of Big Brother.

Adults too—though they may hate the lesson, as they did. Surely the high-pitched bleat that came from a section of the viewing public after the first showing of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was a most shaming phenomenon of present-day British society.

Is one to understand that a population on whom the scars of the last war are still visible; who actually saw the destruction of their own cities, homes and loved ones; who took the loss in a spirit of sacrifice and with an increased determination to beat the blazes out of the devil who was threatening the sanctity of the world—is one to understand that this same population has suddenly become so chicken-hearted that the sight of a shadow-play, warning it of a repetition of such horrors, now makes it decline palely into a swound? Oh, no, please, please, no!

I would rather believe—as I do, most sincerely—that this flurry of telephone calls, letters, postcards and telegrams, protesting about *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was more a product of the passion for self-advertisement which seems to have infected the nation. Everyone seems to want to get into the news; everybody wants to feel important (forgetting Gilbert's dictum: "*When everybody's somebodee, then no one's anybody*"). Nowadays, if you want to get into the papers you either go on strike (and I wonder how many less "industrial disputes" there would be if strikes were not headlined in the Press) or you take a slam at television. For television is NEWS—whether Gilbert Harding says "*Boo!*" to some goose, or Miss Fanny Footlights plays the part of the maid, with a toothache. And let us not forget that quite a sizeable proportion of these protests were not addressed to the B.B.C., but to the more controversial organs of Fleet Street. Among the Readers' Letters I saw, not one of them failed to include the sender's name and address. No doubt the cuttings are by now firmly stuck into innumerable albums and are the subject of endless preening to the neighbours.

That—apart from the extra load on an already overworked Christmas postal service—was harmless enough. But I said "shaming"; and indeed I do think it shaming that no fewer than five Members of Parliament should think it fit to table a motion, deploring "the tendency evident in recent B.B.C. television programmes, notably on Sunday evenings, to pander to sexual and sadistic tastes." A more grossly unfair generalisation would be hard to come upon and I find it hard to believe—in view of the play's message—that the Members in question were presumably dedicated to an era of controls versus the personal rights of the individual. Maybe the Hon. Members were not unaware that television is News—and their names were duly given prominence. While firmly denying myself the honour of adding to the stream of their Press-cuttings, I must say that I think it quite "shameful" that Parliament's valuable time should be endangered by the implied suggestion that the House should take charge of television programmes. That would indeed be a crisp step in the direction of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

My own reactions: the reactions of a *professional* critic? Quite frankly, I don't see what all the fuss was about. It was, of course, a producer's triumph, and Rudolph Cartier (who possibly knows something of the effects of totalitarianism, having lost both his parents under the Nazi régime) can hardly be equalled as the Producer of the Year (*Rebecca*, *Such Men Are Dangerous*, *That Lady*, etc.). What was chiefly terrifying about the piece was the relentless tick-tock of the action toward its inevitable end. Nigel Kneale battled valiantly to translate this large novel into a reasonably-sized television vehicle. His problem was what to leave out; and in the leaving-out, the two lovers—clinging to the sanity of he-and-she—suffered. As a result, the nightmare world of thirty-years-on seemed real and the rebelling lovers false. In spite of the fine performances by Yvonne Mitchell and Peter Cushing, they did not move me one iota. Somehow it was the brain-washed O'Brien (a wonderfully controlled performance by André Morell) who engaged my sympathy and interest.

This is all wrong, I know. And many people said so. But they could have switched off and turned to the radio. There was a wide selection of most soothing and blinkering programmes to choose from, between the Light and the Third.

I think we should all switch off more. I certainly did after twenty minutes of *Stand Still Time*, the following Sunday. That also was unsuitable for children (in my opinion). It was even less suitable for reasonably adult Butcher.

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

Z for Zooblast

(Accidental explosion in a menagerie)

EVELYN WHITESIDE : The First Woman Director of Fortnum's.

Miss Whiteside's married name is Bosworth, but her field is fashions. She has become the Fortnum and Mason's first woman director, bringing, perhaps, chintz and Chanel Number 5 to the masculine board-room.

SHEILA VAN DAMM : Who Applied the "Windmill" Spirit to Motoring.

"We never closed!" is the slogan of the Windmill Theatre, and "I never stopped!" was the cry of Windmill-director Miss Van Damm, who has been awarded the 1954 Women's Touring Car Championship for Europe.

RONALD SEARLE : Victim of His Own Pencil

Our hat is tipped sympathetically to Ronald (Frankenstein) Searle, one of whose awful schoolchildren, Molesworth of St. Custard's, is pictured above, sloshing a sinister liquid into the Searle pitcher, at a publishers' lunch.

We Take Off Our Hat To . . .

MORAN CAPLAT : For Replanning Trafalgar.

Anything Nelson could do Mr. Caplat, general manager of the Glyndebourne Opera, can do as well. He is re-staging Trafalgar for the Bath Festival next May.

THE PEARSON FAMILY : For Inventing a Drastic Cure for Colds.

Robert (*left*) and Alan Pearson, with their mother, Edith Joyce, an operatic family in the de Reszke tradition, who are to appear at the Royal Festival Hall on January 2nd, have a new cold cure. You just get someone to massage your throat and, if he massages hard enough, you may never get a cold again.

Below **: REGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR WALTON : For Pitching his Parade-Ground Roar into a Falsetto.**

Earlier this month, R.S.M. Walton slipped out of uniform and into an Easter Bonnet at the Royal Engineers' panto at Hamelin, in which he was playing an Ugly Sister. Guess how many of his audience identified themselves with Cinderella.

HUGO UHL : His Work Speaks for Him.

We decided that a picture of the signpost Mr. Uhl has designed for the airport at Frankfurt would be even more decorative than one of Mr. Uhl himself. Our photograph was taken by a B.O.A.C. passenger who thought all roads led to Rome.

JOAN RHODES : For Showing Prisoners that Iron Bars (suitably adjusted) do not Make a Cage.

TV's Miss Rhodes, an ex-mannequin, showed off her skill this month at Maidstone Gaol. There was quite a rush of volunteers to assist.

Around the Night Spots

WHAT makes a successful night-club? Personally all we ask is that nobody should try to sell us woolly rabbits, and if to this you add food that is good without being fussy, pink lights and soft music, well that's something. The Embassy Club has these advantages and one in addition—that you can see the cabaret from wherever you are sitting, which is not true of every club, alas! The cabaret itself, which begins at one o'clock, changes every fortnight, and seems to cover most fields of human endeavour; you may well expect to run the gamut of the alphabet from acrobats to a zither. Currently, in addition to the artists whose pictures appear lower down on this page, there is an electric young American named Freddie Stuart, who has the curiously Victorian talent of singing "with expression"—even if the expression itself is not quite Victorian.

Also beginning at one o'clock is the cabaret at Churchill's; this is not a string of single acts, but the integrated sort in which a team of artists presents a miniature revue. It is called *Six Smart Girls*, and will run well into the New Year. One of the smart girls is a pantomime dame on the loose—the kind of act that we usually find a little embarrassing—but the dancing is of high quality.

Last week we went to the installation in its new premises of the Gay Nineties Club, which has moved from Bruton Street to Hertford Street. This is the sort of pleasant peripheral place—a bar, food, and a piano—into which one drops to meet one's friends instead of putting on pretty clothes and going out to paint the town. Nice food, nice bar, nice people, not expensive—"It's run," says Phyllis Gordon, who runs it, "mostly for nice people who've lost a lot of their money during the war." Her husband, Eric Maschwitz (currently represented in the London theatre by *Happy Holiday* at the Palace), told us that the present membership includes most kinds of nice people from dukes to chorus girls. The dukes are the Duke of Leeds and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon; he was more reticent about the chorus girls.

Terry Theobald and Diana Monks do a top-hat-and-tails number at Churchill's Club, bringing to their ephemeral art great skill, charm and zest.

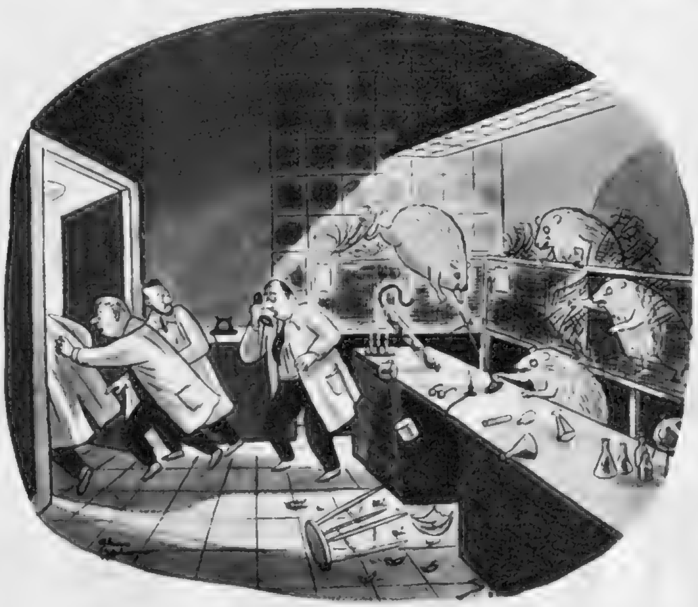
At the Embassy Club

Left: The King Brothers. These three boys (the youngest is fifteen, the oldest seventeen) have scored a considerable success, whooping it up with a double bass, a ukelele, and what looks like a mini-piano. The young pianist in particular has a staggeringly zestful technique and his imitation of Rose Murphy, the *chi-chi* girl, is something and then something.

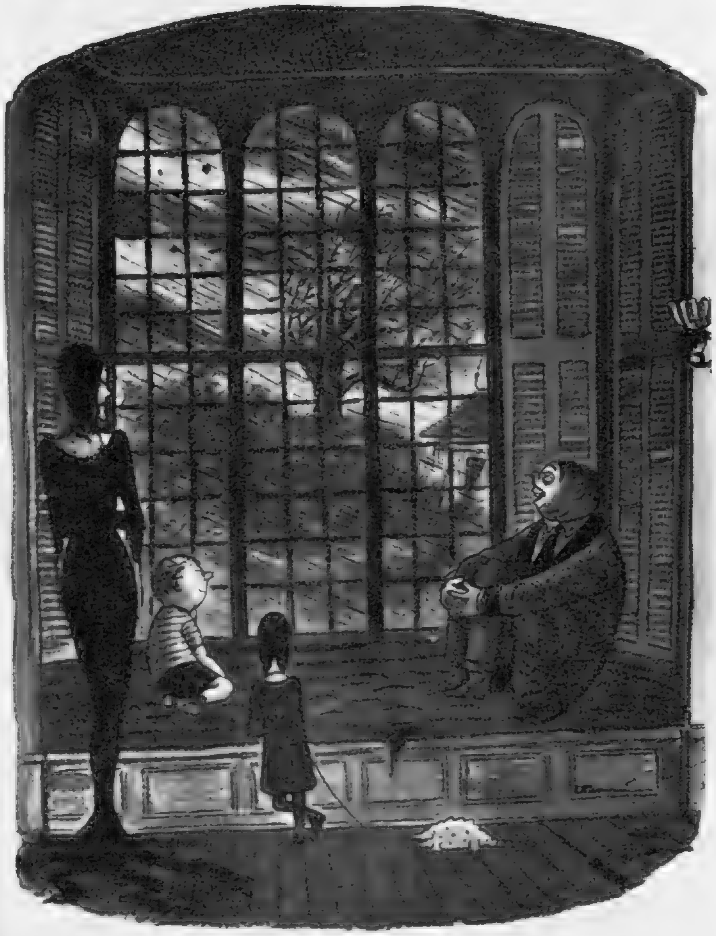
Below left: Averil and Aurel are a pair of high-leaping French dancers, who combine tap, a little ballet and a kind of demi-apache technique. They sing, too. There is *nothing* the French cannot do.

Right: June McComb, the Zuleika Dobson of the night-club world, combines her conjuring with a sort of strip-tease, which is very unsettling if you are trying to keep your mind on the tricks. There is nothing up her sleeve; that we *can* say.

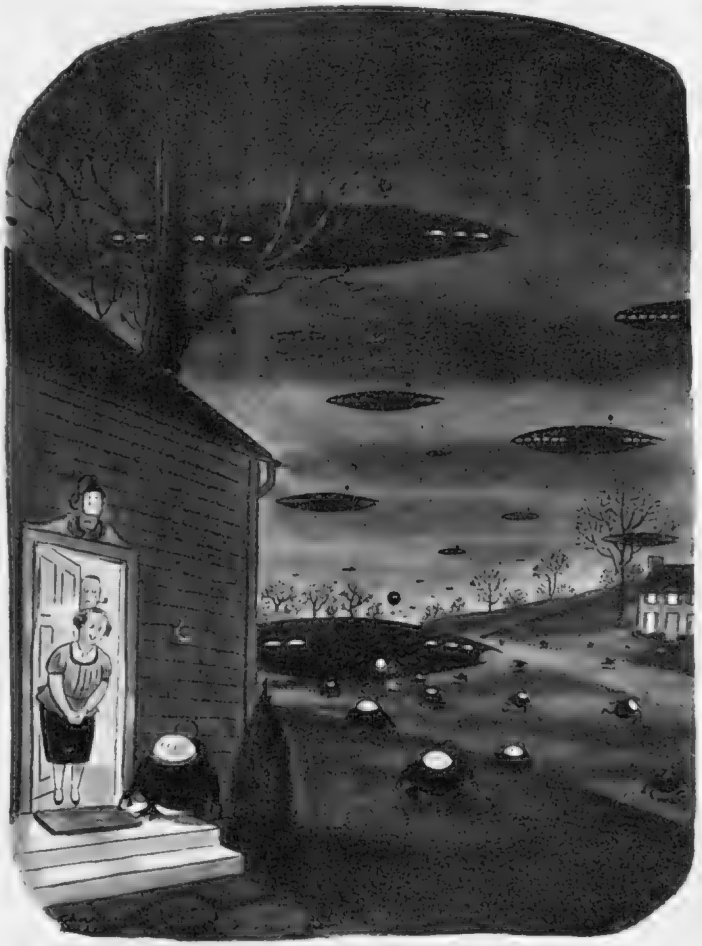
CHARLES ADDAMS' BRAVE NEW WORLD



"Sanders speaking. Stop all production on XP 15, recall all shipments, wire every doctor in the country, and hurry *!"*



"Just the kind of day that makes you feel good to be alive!"

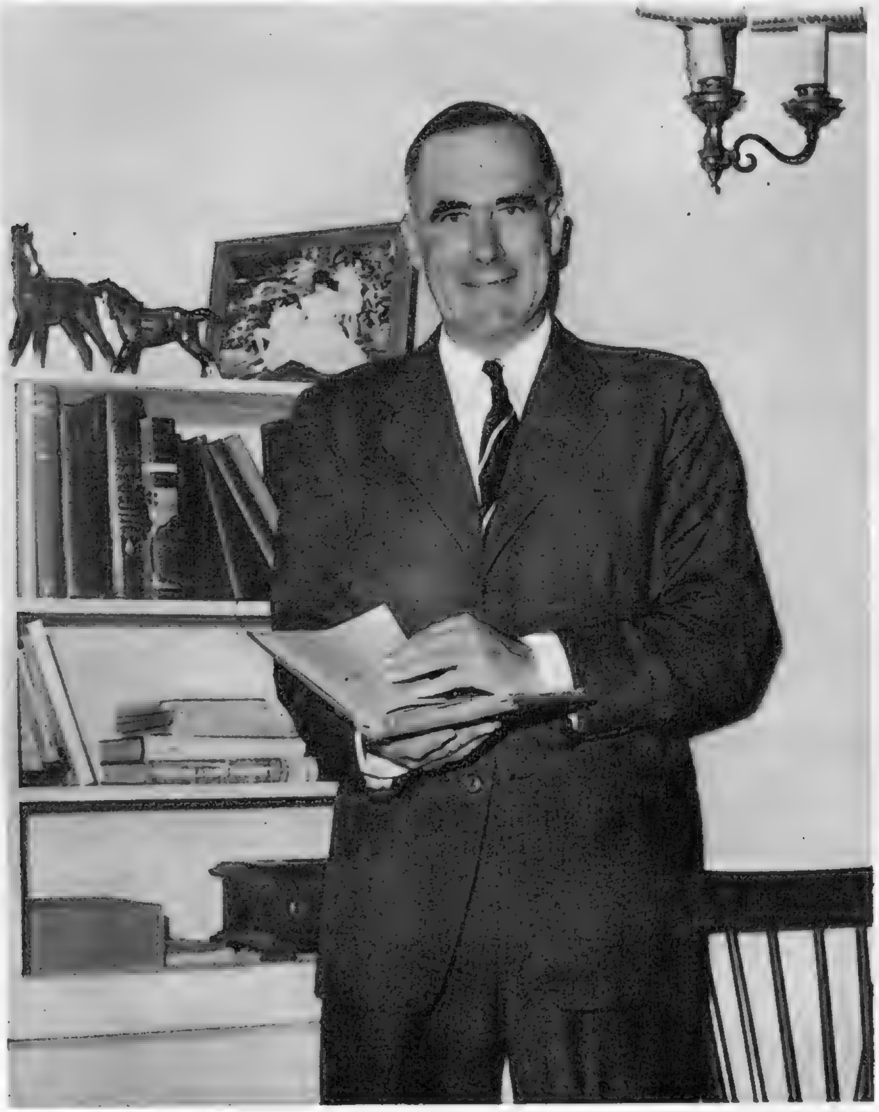


"I'm sorry, sonny. We've run out of candy."

H*OMEBODIES* is the latest volume of the Collected Drawings of Charles Addams, the American artist with the Gothic-macabre approach to life. Many of our readers will be familiar with Mr. Addams' work ; others may be surprised. The Addams Woman (who seems to grow like a twisted tree from the floorboards), the pug-nosed Addams Man, the delightful children, the wry-necked Butler, together with several Things and a few ordinary people who have strayed in and wish they were back home with some crochet, are all here for our amusement. *Homebodies* is published by Hamish Hamilton at 15s. It should make an excellent New Year's Gift for those who prefer the more recondite regions of humour.

King's House, the residence of Sir Hugh and Lady Foot, is a few miles out of Kingston, the capital of Jamaica. Behind the grounds are the famous Blue Mountains; the gardens are bright with parroquets by day and fireflies by night.

Below: Sir Hugh Foot, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Jamaica.



Her Majesty's Representatives Abroad

HIS EXCELLENCY SIR HUGH FOOT, K.C.M.G., O.B.E.

Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Jamaica

At forty-seven, Sir Hugh Foot is one of the youngest Governors in the British Empire. He comes from a family well known in politics. His father, the Right Honourable Isaac Foot, is a Privy Councillor and sat for many years in the House of Commons; his elder brother, Dingle Foot, is a barrister-at-law, and sat in the Commons as M.P. for Dundee; his younger brother, Michael Foot, M.P. for the Devonport Division of Plymouth, has some reputation as a political stormy petrel.

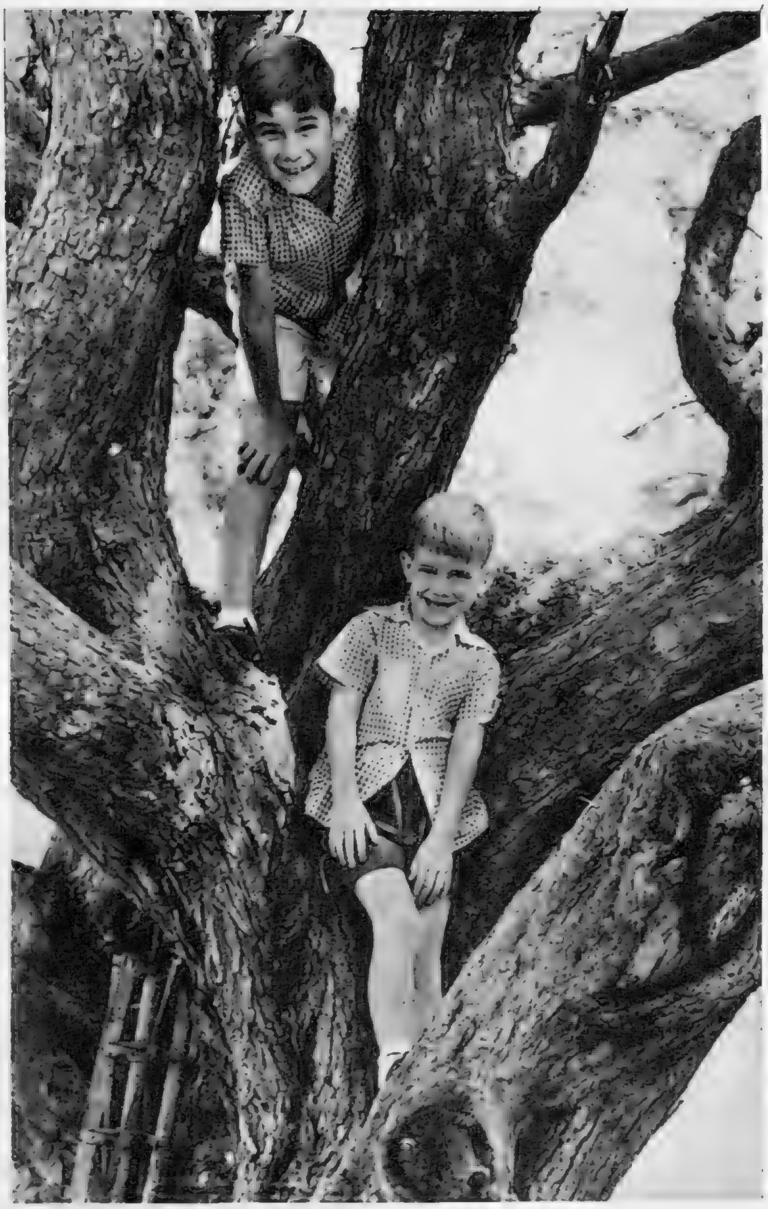
But just as both his brothers were presidents of the Oxford Union, while Sir Hugh was president of the Cambridge Union, so, while they turned to politics, he turned to the public service, in which he has been consistently employed since 1929. He was Chief Colonial Secretary of Jamaica from 1945 to 1947, and, after service in Nigeria and Cyprus, became the Colony's Governor-General in 1951, shortly before the hurricane of that year struck Jamaica. Since his appointment, he has further increased his popularity with all classes of the population, and at King's House, Kingston, Lady Foot and himself have acted as hosts to her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh (during the Royal tour) and to Princess Alice Countess of Athlone (who is Chancellor of the new West Indian University), Sir Winston Churchill, Yehudi Menuhin, the President of Nicaragua, and many other celebrated people.

Lady Foot, to whom he was married in 1936, studied the History of Art at the University of Bologna; she is a distinguished Arabic Scholar, and reads widely in Italian, French and Spanish; embroidery is a favourite relaxation for her. She and her husband have four children—Paul, who is at Shrewsbury; Sarah, Oliver and Benjamin. The children's pets include a budgerigar, two dogs and a parrot; they try hatching crocodile eggs on the roof, and keep in the swimming-pool a 280-lb. turtle, presented to their father in the Cocos Islands.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Anne Bolt.

Oliver (*left*) and Benjamin Foot with *Sigismund* the dachshund and *Baloo* the poodle. Sarah is the eldest of the three Foot children in Jamaica; her elder brother Paul is at school at Shrewsbury.

Below: Lady Foot with Mr. Charles Downs, M.B.E., who presides over Jamaica's Hope and Castleton Botanical Gardens.



Oliver and Benjamin Foot enjoy the freedom of the garden of King's House.

Below: Sir Hugh and Lady Foot dine together on a small balcony at King's House.

AT THE CINEMA

One Film for Adults and Three for the Children

By C. A. LEJEUNE

COURT-ROOM dramas are always telling on the stage and screen. They demand tautness in writing; firmness of direction; quick wits, observation and practised speech from actors. They probably give greater opportunities to more players than any other form of drama. Against the silence, and disciplined routine of justice, every witness, every officer of the court, has his small or large moment of complete authority.

Carrington V.C. (*Warner Theatre*) was a first-rate court-room play, and with only the minimum of changes in director Anthony Asquith's hands, becomes a first-rate court-room film. The action deals with the court-martial of Major Carrington, V.C., D.S.O., "for misapplication of regimental funds. In plain words, he has taken money from the battery safe. His defence, which he conducts himself, rests on two grounds; that he has taken far less than the sum the Government owes him, anyway, and that he gave the Commanding Officer due notice of his intention to do so.

Anthony Asquith conducts the film interrogation with the smoothness of silk. The tone is deceptively quiet; the interest depends on a look, a word, a pause, an interruption quickly shushed, a mere side-shifting of the eyes. But this decorum has its full effect. The drama holds. One couldn't leave the court before the end. David Niven, as the impetuous but genuine soldier Carrington must have been, has not had a better part for years. Margaret Leighton makes a tantalisingly interesting woman of his neurotic wife. Television's Noelle Middleton wears a W.R.A.C.'s uniform trimly, and almost persuades us she's a girl in love, and all the male Army types about the piece are wonderful.

I HAVE never been mad about puppets. Generally speaking, they suffer from a lot of disabilities, or what I regard as disabilities. They have masks instead of faces. Their movements, however well manipulated, are apt to be jerky. When they seem to speak or sing, the human voice seems disproportionate to the tiny figure. Their strings show.

The last objection, at least, cannot be levelled at *Hansel and Gretel* (*Tivoli*), the new puppet film from Hollywood. Max Myerberg's diminutive people, which he calls Kinemins, and has developed after years of experiment, are electronically controlled. They have no strings. Even the small birds and butterflies that hover round the children's hands and turn the shafts of morning sunlight into clouds of rainbow colour, are drawn across the screen without visible means of support. I found this a great comfort.

With the exception of Gretel, who reminds me of an endearingly pert-nosed, brown-haired Austrian doll I once had, Mr. Myerberg's puppets don't rouse any great affection in me. I cannot see why the small bear, Gingy, should be given a hairless stomach and a Semitic nose, nor why Hansel should so forcibly remind one of a Dead End Kid. The witch is a powerful conception, but quite nasty, and some of her creepy-crawly henchmen, playing musical instruments, made me feel downright queer, they really did.

The fairy-story is accompanied by Humperdinck's delightful music, and well sung, although most of the voices are too big for the little folk. That, as I said before, is one of the great problems of puppet shows; and this is an especially tricky case, for Humperdinck's simple-seeming score needs accomplished singing. I thought that Constance Brigham, who contributes the voices of both children, made a very pretty shot at it with Gretel, and Delbert Anderson gives the Sandman's song a properly soft and sleepy quality.

I am not prepared to say whether modern English children, so conditioned to puppetry on their own television screens, will really enjoy this Hollywood *Hansel and Gretel*. They certainly won't appreciate its complexity. That is something for grown-ups to marvel at, and perhaps wonder whether it was worth the effort. Mr. Myerberg, however, has no doubts. He believes in Kinemins. He plans to film *Aladdin* with them. And then *Macbeth*; I can't really think why.

BRIDES AND BROTHERS: The brides are up top, the brothers below. M.-G.-M.'s new musical, *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*, which brings the Rape of the Sabines to the backwoods of Oregon, opened at the Empire on December 23rd.

NOT very much to hope from Norman Wisdom; but where is it? His second film, *One Good Turn* (*Odeon, Leicester Square*), is way below his first one. It presents Norman as an orphan who has stayed on at the orphanage as odd-job man; a kind of Cinderella "Buttons." He gets mixed up with fun-fairs, symphony concerts, prize-fights and the London-to-Brighton walking race. He sings. He is kind to kiddies. He falls hopelessly in love with Joan Rice, a girl above his station. And he just falls (period).

Good-humoured holiday audiences will laugh, no doubt. But spectators here and there may feel sorry for the little comedian and embarrassed for his sake. He is still comparatively new to films. His "face-acting" is still excessive, and his timing all over the place. He needs better material and far firmer direction. This sort of thing may make money for the industry, but is exceedingly unlikely to create a great screen clown.

And while I'm asking for more help for Norman Wisdom, what about fairer do's, too, for Shirley Abicair? This little Australian girl with the zither, the shrug, the sigh, the friendly smile, and the confidential whisper of a voice, is one of television's most beguiling younger personalities. In *One Good Turn* she has her first film part, and what does it amount to? Almost nothing. A few bars of a song, snatched away from her by a not particularly euphonious chorus of children, and a part that keeps her logically out of the spotlight of the picture as Norman's modest, humdrum and neglected friend.

THIS unabashed holiday hokum, this romp in CinemaScope, *Long John Silver* (*Carlton and Odeon, Marble Arch*) is *not* a new version of *Treasure Island*, be it noted, although Robert Newton plays his old part, complete with crutch, parrot, oath, leer, unctuous hypocrisy and fruity invective. It deals with some "further adventures of the most colourful pirate of all time," which eventually take Long John Silver, accompanied by the faithful Jim Hawkins (who has caught up with him accidentally in the Caribbean), back to the old stockade on Treasure Island, and a fight for what is left of Captain Flint's treasure.

Newton play-acts magnificently as the "colourful pirate," with a rolling eye that would do credit to the most royal rocking-horse. It is the fashion on the screen to cast Jim Hawkins as if he were a fugitive from *Peter Pan*, and a small boy named Kit Taylor endows him here with the unblooded innocence of one who still finds piracy an awfully big adventure. Most of the exteriors were shot in Australia, near Botany Bay. No one can complain of any lack of action. Yet somehow the various encounters don't add up to drama. The further adventures of Robert Louis Stevenson's rich rascal are contrived by a certain Martin Rackin. Perhaps it would not be unmeet to ponder the case of the man in the anecdote, who said he could write like Shakespeare if he had the mind.

Robert (Jack Lemmon) meets Nina (Judy Holliday)—and marriage seems a very good idea to both . . .

. . . but not such a good idea when Robert develops into a silent fireside thriller addict. So they break it up.

Robert decides to be a bachelor wolf, but when a suitable blonde lamb offers itself for slaughter he finds that you can take a wolf to the fold, but—

Nina also has a creditable shot at impersonating a lamb for slaughter, but when the wolf of her choosing (Jack Carson) descends on the fold she finds herself lacking in technique.

Wife dressed up as a lamb hungering for the slaughter.

" Phffft "

THE above unpronounceable noise is—at any rate for the purpose of the Columbia film of that name—the noise of a marriage breaking-up. The marriage in question is that of Robert Tracy (Jack Lemmon) and Nina Tracy (Judy Holliday). You can't really blame Nina when you know that her particular married bliss consists of sitting at home throughout long, cosy evenings watching her husband read thrillers. So they part—by kind permission of the Reno authorities—and decide to lead a gay life : Robert as a bachelor wolf and Nina as a merry divorcée. Unfortunately, that doesn't work either, so after cavorting unhappily around the opposite segments of their divorced circle, they come together again with a resounding crash, the sound of which we are unable to describe, as an exhaustive search of Roget's Thesaurus has failed to uncover the anonym of *Phffft*.

Husband dressed up as a wolf descending on the fold.

"My home is my studio," says Mr. Campbell-Taylor. At the left is a photograph of his picture, "*The Hall*," painted at the house in Suffolk in which he now lives. At his right is our photograph of the hall itself, in which his daughter Sarah, replaces the lady of the picture. Even the pattern of the carpet is the same, though its position has been moved, and the furnishings have been reduced more than a little.

Left: Mr. Campbell-Taylor, his wife (*right*) and his daughter, Sarah, before the porch of their home in Suffolk.

"The Sketch" visits an eminent R.A. for his Eightieth Birthday

In the Footsteps of Vermeer

EARLIER this month, Leonard Campbell-Taylor, the painter, was eighty years old. Mr. Campbell-Taylor is an Academician known chiefly for his careful domestic interiors, which critics have compared to those of Vermeer. Readers may also remember his pictures, *The Coronation of George VI.*, presented to His Majesty by an anonymous Canadian donor, and *The Sampler*, of which many thousands of copies have been sold.

Mr. Campbell-Taylor lives with his wife and eighteen-year-old daughter, Sarah, in a Georgian house at Felsham, near Bury St. Edmunds. Felsham, in this season, seems flat, misty and isolated. On the green grass that grows around the artist's house, geese run, but they are not ordinary geese; one, in particular, is beautiful, inscrutable, Oriental—a Chinese goose, she is called *The Princess*, and lays 108 eggs in her season.

Inside the house, one is struck at once by an "I have been here before" feeling. This is because much of the furniture of the house has appeared in Mr. Campbell-Taylor's pictures. "My home is my studio," he says, pointing here to a cabinet, there to a mirror which, at various times, he has painted in such familiar works as *The Patchwork Quilt*, *September Flowers*, and *The Spinning Wheel*. On this page we have duplicated in photography an oil painting, *The Hall*, with which many of our readers may be familiar in reproduction. In doing so, however, we would not wish to give a false impression. Beautiful as Mr. Campbell-Taylor's home is, it is not as still and calm as a picture, and, eighty years old or no, the artist is not placid and retiring. On the contrary, he is extremely active, both as a householder and an artist.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Van Hallan.

The Sampler. Painted in 1932, "*The Sampler*" is one of Leonard Campbell-Taylor's best-known pictures. Many thousands of copies of it have been sold. Critics have compared Mr. Campbell-Taylor to the Dutch Masters, because of his concentration on domestic interiors. Though his work is detailed, it is not photographic: "Of course we take liberties," he says. Primarily, he is interested in painting light—"But if I painted abstract things," he says, "I don't suppose I should ever sell them."

Above: Mr. Campbell-Taylor in his studio. The picture before him, *The First Ball Dress* (reproductions of which are not yet available), is in the style for which he is best known. Behind him is what represents a new departure—flower-painting. He finds growing semi-tropical plants an absorbing hobby; his publishers have presented him with a greenhouse as a birthday present.

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Campbell-Taylor at home. Behind the artist is a head of himself, modelled by his wife, the former Miss Brenda Moore, a painter and sculptor, who has largely given up her work since their marriage. Of this photograph, Mr. Campbell-Taylor says cheerfully: "It 's not typical, you know. We seldom sit by the fire, because we 're always doing jobs."

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

What are the Wild Waves Saying?

MY DEAR ROBERT,

I was very surprised when I got a letter from the B.B.C. saying they were going to do my play, *Storm Clouds*, after all. Everybody else was surprised, too, and Mrs. Whinebite said she was sure it was all a mistake and I must be Prepared for Disappointment.

I went on being Prepared for Disappointment for some weeks, and then one day I got a letter actually giving a date for my play, and soon after that I saw an announcement of it in the *Radio Times*, and then I knew that the ambition of my life was about to be realised. The curious thing was that instead of being raised to the heights of ecstasy by this I was plunged into the deepest gloom and became a prey to anxieties and forebodings.

Mrs. Whinebite was quick to notice this. "I suppose they've changed their minds about *Storm Clouds*?" she said with her tiger smile.

"No, Mrs. Whinebite. It's in the *Radio Times*—actually."

"Wonders will never cease," said Mrs. Whinebite. "I suppose you're worrying about your notices in the paper?"

"Well—yes, a bit."

Mrs. Whinebite laughed unpleasantly. "I don't blame you," she said. "Some of the notices of TV plays are so terrible I don't know how the authors ever hold up their heads again."

"Nor do I."

"And, of course, it will be worse for you, my poor Henrietta, living in a small place like this, where everybody knows you."

"Yes."

"You'll have to go away for a bit until it all blows over. People will forget in time."

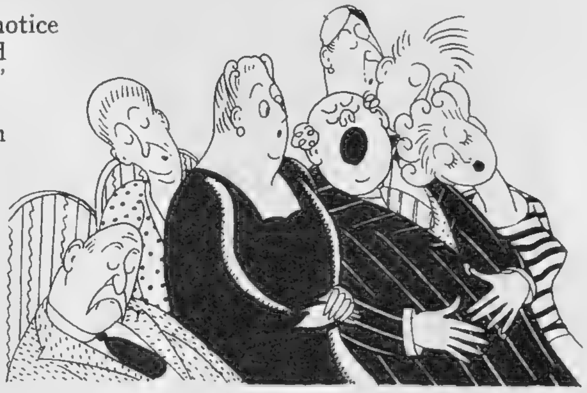
"I hope so, Mrs. Whinebite," I said, and crept away to Lady B. for comfort.

A wisp of hair blew across Mrs. Whinebite's face, and she tucked it behind her ear.

I INVITED Lady B. and Faith and the Conductor and the Admiral and Mrs. Admiral and Mrs. Savernack and Colonel and Mrs. Simpkins to come and watch my play. Mrs. Whinebite had already invited Colonel Simpkins to go and watch it on her set, but Mrs. Simpkins wouldn't let him, so he arrived in a rather grumpy mood, but the others were very cheerful and encouraging and said how much they were looking forward to seeing my play.

When the words "*Storm Clouds*—by Henrietta Browne," appeared on the screen in clear, white printing, I sat down quickly because my knees were wobbling.

"Here we go!" said the Admiral.



Everybody, except Lady B., was asleep.

"Oh, Henrietta!" said Lady B., and squeezed my hand.

Almost at once our telephone, which stands on top of the television set, rang. Charles turned on the light, said "Don't move, anybody," and sprang to answer it.

"Yes—yes—Doctor Browne speaking."

"Poor Henrietta—what a shame!"

"Take an aspirin and lie down—no, it's not in the least serious; you are suffering from post-influenzal depression and will very soon be better."

"Charles, do stand aside! If we can't hear Henrietta's play we may as well see it."

"I had post-influenzal depression once. It's no joke, I can tell you."

"Who's that chap just come on? We haven't seen him before. Henrietta, who's that chap in the curious hat?"

"I assure you that your case is not in the least serious. No, I'm not cross, but we're trying to watch my wife's play on the television—no, *television*—yes, we've had it quite a long time—no, we couldn't afford it——"

"Charles!" I cried in despair.

Charles banged down the receiver.

"Take an aspirin and lie down."

"Sorry, old girl," he said, and returned to his chair.

"I've completely lost the thread of this story," said Colonel Simpkins petulantly.

"Ssh!" said Lady B.

My play went on. It came to one of the funny bits—everybody laughed and my spirits rose. Suddenly our set went mad—my heroine disappeared and quivering lines wavered diagonally across the screen.

"Good lord! What's happening now?" said the Admiral.

"It's a vacuum cleaner."

"Or a hair-drier."

"Or an electric kettle."

"It's making me feel giddy."

After a bit my play returned to the screen and I tried to explain the plot to Colonel Simpkins, who was now in a state of confusion. Then the telephone rang again, somebody came to the door for Charles, he left the house muttering, and we had another bout of diagonal lines.

"What a curious time to use a vacuum-cleaner!" said little Mrs. Simpkins.

"Or wash your hair," said Faith.

From then on reception, as they say, was good. When my play came to an end, I turned on the lights. Everybody, except Lady B., was asleep.

* * * *

"HAVE you seen the *Daily Wail* this morning?" said Mrs. Whinebite when I met her outside the fish shop.

"No, Mrs. Whinebite."

"I shouldn't if I were you," said Mrs. Whinebite. A wisp of hair, black as the raven's wing, blew across her face and she tucked it away behind her ear. "I washed my hair last night," she said, "and this morning it's all over the place."

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.

Our Fashion Portfolio

By NORAH OWEN

Feel Warmer — Look Smarter

A FUR that is making fashion news is Otter, either dyed or in its natural shade. It is a becoming fur, and extremely hard-wearing. Here we have a delightful jacket in white Otter, with a shirtmaker nonchalance, that is ideal wear for town or country, day or evening. It has been treated with a unique process, without chemicals, that makes the fur beautifully supple, lighter in weight and longer-wearing. By Kent and Francis, Marylebone Road.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Children's Hour

A GREAT deal of publicity has been given recently to American children's clothes, and while admitting that they are extremely attractive, I think we should not overlook the fact that English clothes for young children can hold their own anywhere in the world, although, alas, it is a different matter where the Teenager is concerned. For the youngest members of the family, we show on these pages clothes chosen by a mother for an eight-year-old, a child of five and a tot of two.

For the social whirl of an eight-year-old, a charming choice is a dress in velveteen in an unusual shade of wine, with cream hand-smocking and frilled georgette collar. Price £8 3s., from Liberty.

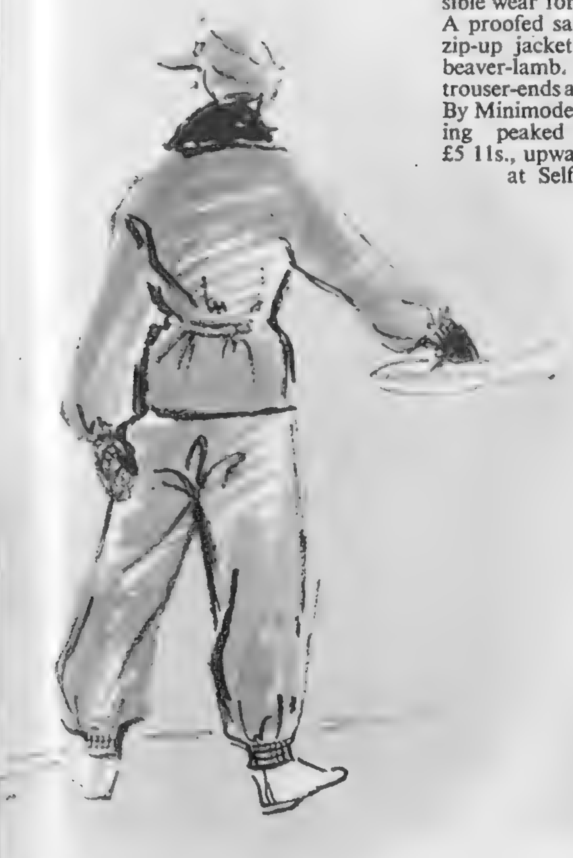
Starched petticoats play a part in children's fashions, as well as in Mama's. This cotton petticoat for party wear, lace-trimmed and embroidered with ducks, costs 38s. 3d., in size 22, from Harrods.

Party dresses for two-year-olds make one wish children need not grow up, and this one, in white organdie, smocked in red, with a separate petticoat, is no exception. Price 71s. 3d., from Harrods.

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Anita Skjold.

For our five-year-old, a fitted coat in red-and-white tweed, with a red velvet collar. Price £7 19s. 6d., from Marshall and Snelgrove. The knitted tam, 9s., from Jaeger. Our tiny tot wears a navy-blue miniature duffle-coat, tartan-lined. Price 92s. 6d., from Harvey Nichols.

Twin clothes, for brother and sister. A striped sweater in grey-and-wine, 27s. 9d., worn either with wine jersey shorts, 16s. 3d., or a pleated wine jersey skirt, 47s. 6d. From Harrods.



Space-suit, ski-suit or sensible wear for our climate. A proofed satin suit, with zip-up jacket, collared in beaver-lamb. Cuffs and trouser-ends are elasticised. By Minimode, with matching peaked cap, from £5 11s., upwards, by sizes, at Selfridges.

Traditionally English, impeccably tailored, with lots of room for growth. A belted camel-hair and wool coat, price £16 9s. The matching beret costs 5s. 11d. From Jaeger.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

"A Trough of Low Pressure is
to cross the British

A classic Spring raincoat in the modern mood. Shower-proofed, all-wool worsted is used for an easy-to-wear, loose coat, with a black velvet collar and slit pockets. By Quelrayn, price about 10 gns., from D. H. Evans.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

xpected

sles . . . ."

Right : Tailored in a man's style, another proofed raincoat for Spring. This straight coat, with a black velvet collar, and double, flapped pockets, is in a fine herring-bone mixture of nylon and wool. By Paul Blanche, about 10 gns., from Harrods ; and Mawer and Collingham, Lincoln.

Left : A raincoat on classic lines, but in an amusing striped Bedford cord fabric, in a number of colour combinations. The coat buttons high to the neck, with a turn-down collar. There is a matching stormy-weather hat. By Dannimac, price about £8 9s. 6d., from George West, Oxford Street ; Brown, Muff of Bradford.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (contd.)

". . . and Rain will fall in most parts of the Country."

Elegant Economy

MORE traditionally a "mackintosh," and ideal for the wettest of weather. Of rubberised Moygashel, in a wide range of pastel and vivid colours. Buttoning high to the neck, and falling straight in front, it has a wide half-belt placed low at the back. By Telemac, price 4 gns. (with a matching hat), from D. H. Evans, London; and Hemming and Tudor, Reading. *Available at the end of January.*

MODELS IN MUFTI :—4.

JEAN DAWNAY, our model for the fashion pictures in the previous three pages, is seen here at home in Chelsea, in a more domestic mood. Jean has been working as a model for seven years, and always brings great vitality and vivacity to her work. Formerly an air hostess with a private charter company, she finds that modelling equally satisfies her love of travel, and she has modelled clothes in Paris, Italy, Holland, Australia and America. She likes her work because it has variety and gives her freedom and the time to interest herself in books, music, the theatre and cooking. It is this wide interest in things other than her work, together with a twinkling personality, a flair for fashion and a lovely face and figure, that have made and maintained Jean as a "star" model.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

The Morris Oxford

THE Series II. Morris *Oxford* was announced last May as a new car, with the B.M.C. 1½-litre overhead-valve engine. At £525, plus the accursed and unfair purchase tax of some £219, it represents good value for money with its quality standard of finish.

The outward appearance is up to date and pleasing enough, although I for one would wish there were less boot and more length inside the car. That is a comment that I apply to almost all cars these days, however, and a view that I see has some support. Not that the *Oxford* is lacking in interior space. Full advantage is taken of the width and it really does permit three-abreast both in front and in the back. In fact, there is almost too great a feeling of spaciousness in the front.

The facia is low and very far forward. The switches are too low for my taste and one has to lean right forward to reach them. But they are easy enough to find, especially with the cheerful little green glow from the hidden light over the ignition switch.

The boot, as I have implied, is of ample size with the spare wheel mounted vertically at one side.

The power unit is lively and gives the car a good cruising speed around the 60 mark, with a maximum of about 74 m.p.h. The performance in the intermediate gears is good also. There is well over 45 m.p.h. available in third gear, although I should say that the top gear pick-up from 40 to 50 could do with a little more ginger.

It is not really necessary to mention steering or brakes on a modern car of this type: designers would be to blame if they did not provide adequate brakes or if steering had a fault. The steering-wheel of the *Oxford* is set at a slight angle to permit full use of the seat width, and there is the useful horn ring—though I found this too liable to inadvertent blowing. I frightened two old ladies almost to death by blasting at them when I merely lent forward to switch on the ignition!

However, we must not let these minor grumbles of mine detract too much from what is bound to be a very popular car. Mechanically she is fine. The finish of the body is worthy of the *Oxford* tradition. And I would say that, for a car of this price, the Series II. *Oxford* is a very good job indeed. Comfortable and roomy enough, she is a real family car.

I ought also to mention the Travellers' version with an all-steel body. This offers enormous carrying capacity and should perform well. I hope to comment in detail on it in due course.

CURRENT TOPICS

A Silly Bill

MR. BOYD-CARPENTER, the Minister of Transport, has not been Minister for long and I cannot help thinking that his new Road Traffic Bill is much more the work of his Civil Servants than himself. It is without doubt the most absurd Bill I've come across, and I suggest that the call I made four weeks ago for motorists to wake up and shout should be put into double-quick effect.

What does this Bill offer to motorists? Nothing, except the consolation of knowing that jay-walkers may be made to pay for their folly and that cyclists are to be liable for foolishness and other misbehaviour on the road:—both provisions that have been long overdue.

But for the motorist himself there is in the Bill nought but more restriction and expense. We are already, no one can deny, paying more than our share to the Exchequer. Now there is talk of parking meters. I oppose this device with all the emphasis I can muster. And I hope that motorists will do the same. For years it has been accepted that no charge can be made for parking on the public highway. That is the principle that is about to be overthrown unless we fight. And to suggest that the money taken by the meters is to be used for providing more parking-space is absurd. I've heard that sort of tale before! Once we were told that the Road Fund was to provide roads.

What else? Well, the suggestion that cars should have a fitness test. The Minister talks of an experimental testing station in London to try it out. But these fitness certificates are already called for by insurance firms when they renew policies on old cars. Surely, since their interest in the fitness of the cars they insure is obviously great, they can be trusted.

In any case, how many accidents are caused by cars in unsafe condition? Very few. The whole scheme is opening up an absurd situation. To employ a new mass of Civil Servants for this sort of thing is folly. Let them be given picks and shovels and set to work on the black spots. That is where they will save accidents, if that is the intention.

No, Mr. Boyd-Carpenter. This will not do at all. If you proceed with this Bill in its present form you will bring a storm about your ears. And I hope I will be one of the centres of the trough of low pressure!

More Childishness

I SEE that the powers-that-be have not allowed the Edinburgh scheme for a Forth road bridge to go forward. When a body of people get together and think up a way of providing a new bridge without calling on public funds, the authority concerned becomes jealous. "*It must be my bridge, or you shan't have one*"—the attitude of a small spoilt child. Coming at the same time as this new Road Traffic Bill, it is almost beyond comment.

Goodwill at Last

THIS is supposed to be the season of goodwill, so I cannot end on a sour note. Believe me, I will be lavish with goodwill in the direction in which I now pour my scorn if and when it is deserved.

Meanwhile, let me congratulate the City of Birmingham's Science and Industry Museum, which has opened a transport section. There is a special display for the next month or two with exhibits loaned for the purpose.

Even after the loaned exhibits have been returned, there will be a worth-while show. There are many fine old veteran cars to be seen, and a collection of veteran motor-cycles with some modern counterparts alongside them. Ancient pedal cycles are there, too.

The Keeper, Mr. Bertenshaw, is an enthusiast for having things right, too. All exhibits must be as originally made, and such items as chromium on a veteran car are taboo. And he even says that the Museum is not likely to buy new items for show. They prefer to have them given or on semi-permanent loan. That way, he thinks, they get better and more valuable pieces. That is very sound, I am sure.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

It 's no wonder that *he's* full of smiles . . . everyone's pleased to see the postman ! For doesn't he provide the link with what is still " home " to many people in the Americas . . . bringing the mail postmarked *London, England*? Who wouldn't look forward to the overseas mail in any foreign country? And who *could* be more appreciative of a publication like The SKETCH every fortnight? To send it to a relative or friend as a birthday gift or to celebrate a personal anniversary—or, perhaps, to a business associate as an appreciative token of thanks for some service rendered—it costs you as little as **£1 . 12 . 6 !** (for 6 months) And it 's so very easy ! The Publishing Office of The SKETCH does the work for you—addressing, wrapping, stamping, posting, for this all-inclusive cost. Subscription rates are detailed below. Your regular bookstall or newsagent will welcome your enquiries ; alternatively, just write direct to The Publisher of The SKETCH at the address given below.

In Saskatchewan and Santiago, in Switzerland and Ceylon and Ohio, and indeed, all over the world, the postman is ever-welcome. The more so when, on a certain day, they know that he brings The SKETCH from London, England. The photograph, taken in Mount Vernon, Ohio, is reproduced by courtesy of the United States Information Service.

The SKETCH can be sent to any part of the world for £3.1.3 (12 months) or £1.12.6 (6 months). For Canada the rates are £2.19.0 (12 months) and £1.11.6 (6 months). These rates include the extra Christmas double-number and all other special numbers published during the period. Your instructions should be sent to The Publisher, The SKETCH, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2.

Statue or Hospital?

Both commemorate, only one serves. This year calls for special thought of Miss Nightingale and her Hospital, which is neither controlled nor supported by the State. Here, as Lady Superintendent, she proved herself and her genius.

Send in gratitude, a Gift to the Appeal Secretary, Florence Nightingale Hospital, 19, Lisson Grove, London, N.W.1

"The Top Notch of Scotch"

"King George IV"

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

Maximum Retail Prices as fixed by The Scotch Whisky Association.

THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD. EDINBURGH

4753

Visiting London?

600 SELF-CONTAINED SERVICE APARTMENTS

Each with own Bathroom and Kitchen with Fridge, Maid Service, etc. One room, two rooms or suite. In the heart of London. Comfortable, convenient, inexpensive. From 37/6 per day.

Write for brochure or 'phone Ambassador 7733

PARK WEST
MARBLE ARCH · LONDON

More B.O.A.C. world-famed *Constellations* along all routes east!

★ MIDDLE EAST ★ SOUTH AFRICA ★ FAR EAST ★ AUSTRALIA

Now in service!		*Soon in service!*	
To: BANGKOK	JOHANNESBURG	To: ABADAN	DUSSELDORF
BEIRUT	KARACHI	BAGHDAD	HONG KONG
BOMBAY	KHARTOUM	BAHRAIN	KUWAIT
CAIRO	NAIROBI	BASRA	LIVINGSTONE
CALCUTTA	ROME	DAMASCUS	RANGOON
COLOMBO	SINGAPORE	DELHI	TOKYO
DARWIN	SYDNEY		
FRANKFURT	ZURICH		
JAKARTA			

(Service to South Africa in association with S.A.A.; to Australia in association with Qantas).

Speed, luxury, dependability. Enjoy all three when you fly east by B.O.A.C. First Class *Constellations*. Limited passenger list ensures more room, comfort, personal service. These four-engined airliners are fully pressurized to fly high above the weather. You relax in the deep comfort of fully reclining "slumberseats", enjoy delicious free meals and attentive service. Fly B.O.A.C. *Constellation*—enjoy air travel to the east at its best! Also Tourist services throughout the eastern hemisphere by B.O.A.C. *Argonaut* airliners. Four-engined and fully pressurized. Same high standard of B.O.A.C. service and experience.

Consult your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (VIC 2323); 75 Regent Street, W.1 (MAY 6611); or offices in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool (see your Telephone Directory for details).

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

FLY B·O·A·C

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION IN ASSOCIATION WITH QANTAS AND S.A.A.

For further information please apply to your TRAVEL AGENT or to the Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, London, W.C.2.

Villars

Chesières
4,300 ft.
SWITZERLAND

The foremost winter sport resort in French Switzerland.

Shuttle train service Villars-Bretaye, 7,300 ft.

ALL SPORTS
6 modern ski-lifts.

LIST OF HOTELS	BEDS
Villars-Palace	250
Gd-Hotel du Parc	150
Bellevue	100
Victoria	100
Montesano	70
Marie Louise	70
Belvedere	60
Bristol	50
Beau Site	40
Chalet Henriette	35
Dent-du-Midi	30
Les Bruyeres	30
Deux-Gares	22
Central	20
Bella Vista	15
Bouquetins, Bretaye	20

For further particulars please apply to your TRAVEL AGENT or to the Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, London, W.C.2

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Wednesday, December 29, 1954. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.